

## When We Were Young – Chapter 11

While the US may have 10,000 weapons, about half of them are reserves. As it was, we didn't use all we had. Neither did Russia, though no one has explained why. I guess one could say the Israel and Japan won WW III; they didn't take any nuclear hits. Which was strange because WW III occurred when Iran attacked Israel. All around the world in the northern latitudes, the wind blows from the west to the east. From 30°N to 60°N was this cloud of radioactive waste (fallout) circling the globe over and over and over. The cloud rose to high altitude and spilled over into the southern hemisphere. Good Luck and Good Night!

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At least that's what we believe happened. We might be wrong, maybe it was that speech the Bush gave at the end of Iraqi Freedom.

*My Fellow Americans,*

*As you all know, the defeat of Iraq regime has been completed.*

*Since Congress does not want to spend any more money on this war, our mission in Iraq is complete.*

*This morning I gave the order for a complete removal of all American forces from Iraq. This action will be complete within 30 days. It is now time to begin the reckoning.*

*Before me, I have two lists. One list contains the names of countries which have stood by our side during the Iraq conflict. This list is short. The United Kingdom, Spain, Bulgaria, Australia and Poland are some of the countries listed there.*

*The other list contains everyone not on the first list. Most of the world's nations are on that list. My press secretary will be distributing copies of both lists later this evening.*

*Let me start by saying that effective immediately, foreign aid to those nations on List 2 ceases immediately and indefinitely. The money saved during the first year alone will pretty much pay for the costs of the Iraqi war.*

*The American people are no longer going to pour money into third world hellholes and watch those government leaders grow fat on corruption.*

*Need help with a famine? Wrestling with an epidemic? Call France.*

*In the future, together with Congress, I will work to redirect this money toward solving the vexing social problems we still have at home. On that note, a word to terrorist organizations. Screw with us, and we will hunt you down and eliminate you and all your friends from the face of the earth.*

*Thirsting for a gutsy country to terrorize? Try France or maybe China.*

*I am ordering the immediate severing of diplomatic relations with France, Germany and Russia. Thanks for all your help, comrades. We are retiring from NATO as well. Bon chance, mes amis.*

*I have instructed the mayor of New York City to begin towing the many UN diplomatic vehicles, located in Manhattan with more than two unpaid parking tickets, to sites where those vehicles will be stripped, shredded and crushed. I don't care about whatever treaty pertains to this. You creeps have tens of thousands of unpaid tickets. Pay those tickets tomorrow, or watch your precious Benzes, Beamers and limos be turned over to some of the finest chop shops in the world. I love New York.*

*A special note to our neighbors. Canada is on List 2. Since we are likely to be seeing a lot more of each other, you folks might want to try not upsetting us for a change.*

*Mexico is also on List 2. President Fox and his entire corrupt government really need an attitude adjustment. I will have a couple extra tank and infantry divisions sitting around. Guess where I am going to put 'em? Yep, border security.*

*Oh, by the way, the United States is abrogating the NAFTA treaty – starting now.*

*We are tired of the one-way highway. Immediately, we'll be drilling for oil in Alaska – which will take care of this country's oil needs for decades to come. If you're an environmentalist who opposes this decision, I refer you to List 2 above: pick a country and move there. They care.*

*It is time for America to focus on its own welfare and its own citizens. Some will accuse us of isolationism. I answer them by saying, "darn tootin."*

*Nearly a century of trying to help folks live a decent life around the world has only earned us the undying enmity of just about everyone on the planet. It is time to eliminate hunger in America. It is time to eliminate homelessness in America. To the nations on List 1, a final thought: Thank you guys. We owe you, and we won't forget.*

*To the nations on List 2, a final thought: You might want to learn to speak Arabic.*

*God bless America. Thank you, and good night.*

Such a speech should be made, but earlier I was talking about holding your breath. One word to the wise: Don't.

Where was I? Oh yeah, we were ready for a second wave but didn't need it for 2 reasons. There wasn't anything left to destroy and more importantly, there wasn't anything left to protect. It took 200 pages to lead you to the trough and only 20 pages to dunk

your head. For a change, maybe I'll describe what it was really like, in the aftermath.  
Summary: Life's a Bitch and then you die.

The Naval vessels returned to the US and laid off the coast waiting for the radiation to decay and trying to find a port that hadn't been destroyed in the attacks. Somebody screwed up; they forgot to hit Port Hueneme. NAVSEA Port Hueneme Surface Warfare Center Division is part of a larger Navy organization called the Naval Sea Systems Command, which is comprised of approximately 50,000 professional men and women. NAVSEA Port Hueneme employs approximately 2,000 dedicated military and civilian personnel who focus on the successful operation of surface combat and weapons systems.

We provide engineering and logistics services to the US naval fleet. Our responsibility is to provide safe, effective, and affordable operation of combat and weapon systems used on US Navy ships, as well as ships of friendly nations.

We have been supporting the US Navy since 1963 and we fully embrace the motto: Fleet Support is Our Heritage. The scope of the command's fleet support keeps our civilian and military workforce of scientists, engineers, logisticians, computer specialists, and administrative personnel challenged and committed to the needs of Sailors at sea. Naval Surface Warfare Center, Port Hueneme Division, 4363 Missile Way, Port Hueneme, CA 93043-4307. Been there, done that, sorry no T-shirt. Port Hueneme doesn't have that much dock space, but they didn't have a lot at Pearl Harbor in 1941, either. And, right down the road was the Pacific Missile Test Center, Point Mugu.

There's more:

By Journalist 1st Class (SW) Scott Sutherland, Naval Mobile Construction Battalion 5  
Public Affairs

SAN NICOLAS ISLAND (NNS) – Construction is under way on the world's first open-ocean, roll-on roll-off pier off the California coast.

The \$12 million construction project on Naval Outlying Landing Field San Nicolas Island will enable the Navy to safely offload equipment and supplies for use by the island's Navy and civilian population.

Until the pier is finished, supplies will continue to be brought aboard the island the way they've been in the past – offloaded right on the beach.

"We've been using an old pontoon system where we have to beach the barge on the shore," said Cmdr. Raymond Schenk, the officer in charge of Navy personnel on San Nicolas Island. "The problem is we have a very small window to safely onload and offload trucks and equipment from the barge. If we don't make the time window, then we have to wait a long period until the tide is right again."

The pier will ease the process. Barges will be able to pull up to a horizontal, mechanical ramp that will lower from deck elevation to water level for roll-on roll-off cargo transfer.

"It's a momentous accomplishment," said Schenk. "It's going to increase safety of what we do on the island."

The contractor for the project, Nova Group of Napa, Calif., was awarded the construction contract in fall of 2002. Nova pre-cast more than 80 percent of the concrete for the pier and dolphin structures, including pile caps, planks, piles, and pile caps for dolphins.

The pier and dolphin structures are approximately 640 feet long, with a deck elevation that varies from 10 feet to 29 feet.

"We're very proud of how the pier project has come together," added Schenk, "and we're very proud of the teamwork with Nova Group that we've achieved."

San Nicolas Island [aka San Nick and SNI], is the most northwesterly of the four southern Channel Islands. Like its eastern neighbor San Clemente Island, San Nicolas is a US Navy owned and operated island. Located 65 NM southwest of the Point Mugu complex, San Nicolas Island is the cornerstone in the Sea Range capabilities. Because of its instrumentation, isolated environment, shoreline characteristics, San Nicolas Island is ideal for conducting test and training exercises. Because of its isolated environment and shoreline characteristics, SNI is ideal for providing littoral warfare training, including tri-service and theater warfare exercises. It is also an excellent environment for conducting classified operations.

SNI is a Navy owned and operated facility used as an instrumentation site. SNI is the cornerstone in the Sea Range capabilities because of its land mass and depth of surrounding waters. The main support facilities include a 10,000 foot runway, an air terminal, housing, a power plant, a fuel farm and other necessary base support functions. The main San Nicolas Island complex provides complete housing, dining, recreation, transportation, and public works support. Project billeting and logistic support is also available on the island.

San Nicolas Island Navy Outlying Field is capable of supporting C-5's, the 10,000ft runway, 2 hangers, and associated airfield support facilities are located near the southwest edge of a 500ft mesa. The runway is lighted and equipped with arresting gear and has a ground control approach systems (ILS). The Barge Landing Area beach landing area is used to barge cargo to large or bulky for aircraft. Cargo can be off-loaded and trucked to the main compound or one of the many project areas.

There was nothing cast in granite that said a carrier had to pull up to a dock, especially a 640' dock.

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When you get 3 CSGs together in a group, I suppose that constitutes a Task Group and a Task Group needs a Commander, probably a Rear Admiral at the minimum. Admiral Spruance relieved Fleet Admiral Chester Nimitz of command of the Pacific Fleet in late 1945 and early 1946. His promotion to Fleet Admiral was blocked multiple times by Congressman Carl Vinson (a staunch partisan of Admiral William Halsey, Jr.). Congress eventually responded by passing an unprecedented Act which specified that Spruance would remain on a full Admiral's pay once retired until death. On February 1, 1946 he began service as President of the Naval War College until retiring from the Navy in July 1948. The destroyer USS Spruance (DD-963) lead ship of the Spruance-class destroyers was named in his honor. Halsey got the star; Spruance got a whole destroyer class. Two ships have been named after Halsey, a decommissioned guided missile frigate (later cruiser) USS Halsey (CG-23) and a modern destroyer USS Halsey (DDG-97, the 47<sup>th</sup> Arleigh Burke class destroyer). In a way, Spruance had 31 ships named after him.

The last Spruance class Destroyer was decommissioned in 2005. At 9,036 tons, they were the largest Destroyers in the fleet. Four of them were converted to Kidd class, a DDG, and weighed in at 9,919 tons. Many of the ships would end up in the Ready Reserves and perhaps fight another day. Glenn Ford played Admiral Spruance in *Midway* and Robert Mitchell played Halsey. The Spruance class was the last of the real Destroyers. The Arleigh Burke class is a scaled down guided missile cruisers. Sad, but we don't have any Battleships anymore either. The Burke class has one gun and 6 torpedo tubes.

Some country could build one hell of a Navy out of our retired equipment. Some have, those 4 Kidd class DDGs ended up in Taiwan. They're probably as good as or better than anything China had. The G. H. W. Bush? It could float and was probably rushed to sea just to save the hull. Whether or not anyone was left alive to complete it isn't known here in Sedona.

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A contingent of the Arizona NG showed up in Sedona, taking names and doing what they could to meet the needs of the towns' folk. When they came by the ranch, we assured them we had enough of everything and the only thing we really lacked was medical treatment. We were advised that we could get that in Sedona. We fed them some hot coffee and sent them on their way; the plans we had for the coming week didn't include having Guardsmen here at the ranch.

"Navajo Depot? You can't really be serious. The ANG is probably staging out of there."

"We don't need much and it shouldn't take too long to find it. I'll settle for an Mk 19 and several cases of belted 40mm rounds. All we really need is a few things to fill in. I wish now I had ordered more things from the Sergeant."

"Like what?"

"LAWs, grenades, 40mm grenades and some of that belted .50 BMG belted AP/APIT. I believe that we can probably trade for the remainder of the things we need."

"Such as?"

"More primitive weapons, additional parts for our generators and vegetable oil."

"What about propane?"

"I'm certain a few Gold Eagles will cover what we need."

"Your head is making decisions that I'm not certain your body can cash."

"Do you disagree with my assessment?"

"Not entirely, Rob, but how do you propose to pull it off? There have to be several hundred bunkers at that Deport."

"I was thinking of having Liz and Tom don their uniforms and make a call on the folks at the Deport. They could indicate some of our needs, among others, and request visual confirmation of available stocks of the items they might require."

"You think that might work?"

"Maybe. Anyway, I open to suggestions. It has to be fairly hectic at the Deport given its proximity to Flagstaff and the needs of the Arizona communities."

"If they're game, it's worth a try."

"They also make a general inquiry as to the security of the available supplies. Nothing outlandish, that might violate OpSec, but enough to get some idea. After they get back, we can do some scouting and decide on a final plan."

"I don't suppose there's any other way is there?"

"Not without knowing the status of their communications and a lot of data we don't have."

"What are you looking for specifically?"

"As I said earlier, anything with a mounted 25mm cannon and a Hummer with an Mk 19, plus munitions. Fortunately both of them still have their reserve IDs."

"In the event that you or any of your IM staff is compromised, the Secretary will disavow any knowledge of your actions."

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"How did it go?"

"They were leery at first but it wasn't the first time they had unexpected military show up making inquiries about supplies. They were very specific on the necessary paperwork and assign a Spec 4 to give us a brief overview of their security. Liz managed to get the locations of most of we need out of him with her feminine charms."

"What's the best approach, requisitions or moonlight salvage operations?"

"Unfortunately much of the communications system is intact, so I think we may have to do it after dark and limit ourselves to a single trip."

"Anything we can't get?"

"I think the Bushmaster is out of the question but the rest of the things you want shouldn't be too much trouble. The only problem is the weight of that quantity of munitions. Most of the items are stored in separate bunkers to prevent mix-ups."

"Close together?"

"Close enough. We'll start inside and work our way out. It would help if we had replacement padlocks."

"Check that out in Sedona tomorrow. Scout tomorrow night and hit them the night after ok with you?"

"Better to get it over with and then stay out of sight."

"What kind of padlocks are they using?"

"Plain brass body with a case hardened hasp."

"What do we need for transportation?"

"A 5 ton truck or something equivalent."

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One can of .50BMG belted contains 100 rounds and weighs ~50 pounds. One can of 7.62 contains 200 rounds and weighs half of that. LAWs are packed 5 to the carton, 3 cartons to the case. Hand grenades are in individual round containers, generally 25 cans to the case. 40mm rounds for M203 are packed in case containing up to 72 rounds depending on which round the cases contains. Rounds for the Mk 19 are packed 48

belted rounds to the can and various rounds are available. I had a table with all of the data in it somewhere on my computer but couldn't locate it.

The only other item on the list was the M18 Claymore mine and I couldn't remember how they were packed but I was pretty sure it was a kit or standard package of some kind. Most of the items we were looking for were defensive in nature and would permit us to protect what we had. Our rules of engagement were to fire only if fired upon. If it came to that our mission would be a failure from any perspective. In this instance, we weren't the 'good guys'.

On the first night we determined that they used a standard patrol routine allowing us ample time to hit one igloo at a time. On the second night we confirmed the times and moved in to strategically reallocate some of the government's hardware and munitions. Due to our otherwise careful approach the mission went off without a hitch and it was only the next day when their keys wouldn't fit the padlocks that the Depot became aware of the theft.

Our tire tracks only led them to route 89 and after that they had no idea where to begin looking. Their response was a house-to-house search of the area. They found nothing at our place being unaware of our underground storage facilities. The old M1919A4s drew a chuckle and the M2HBs were closely examined including our paperwork. While they may well have suspected us, they had no proof and we didn't have a large truck like the thieves had used. We were all wearing cowboy guns and carrying Winchester rifles. Having large pots of hot coffee and freshly baked cinnamon rolls couldn't have hurt.

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"You have quite the setup here."

"Thanks Captain, we've been working for the better part of 30 years. The folks in town will probably all tell you we're crazy. We ran a gun shop and a class III shop until recently, but at our age it became too much."

"How many families are there here?"

"Ten and all but one are either our kids, or our hired hand. One family is the patents of my son-in law."

"What is that equipment, I thought I saw a still."

"You saw 3 stills and 2 biodiesel processing machines. We produce anhydrous alcohol for the biodiesel processing and as a main ingredient in E85 fuel. I have the permits if you'd like to see them."

"No doubt. Any former military here?"



"Both Matt and I were in the Army in the late fifties. My daughter is a graduate of the Coast Guard Academy and her husband was in the Army."

"Was he a Ranger?"

"Infantry, I think, you can ask him."

"And you were in what?"

"Infantry. Say I don't suppose there is any way we could get our hands on a 25mm cannon is there?"

"Sorry."

"I had to ask, I wouldn't mind having one. Come by anytime, the coffee pot is always on."

"Where did you shelter after the attacks."

"Basements, we all have one. Our radiation level peaked around 315R/hr. Plus after those power problems back in '06 we put in standby power, so we got by pretty good."

"Thanks for your hospitality, we really have to go, we have several more places to check for the missing equipment and munitions."

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"Gee Captain, we got everything on our list but a 25mm cannon; can we have one of those too?"

"I only told him one half truth."

"What was that?"

"That I thought Tom was infantry."

"Do you think they'll be back?"

"I'd say you could count on that. For the moment, we'll limit ourselves to weapons and munitions that we have the paperwork on."

"It seems like we went to a lot of trouble for nothing."

"I said for now. The Guard is going to get very busy trying to clean up the mess and helping the survivors. They won't spend very long looking for the missing munitions and

an Mk 19. You know, Matt, I've heard it said that only the cockroaches would survive a nuclear war. That may well include the dregs of society, the human cockroaches. A man with a starving family might do anything to feed them."

"I don't want to be too negative, but aren't we waiving a bright red flag having power?"

"Perhaps. I think we'd better kill the yard lights and use our kerosene lamps. People might not realize we have electricity if we do that."

At this point we were doing some off-the-cuff thinking; we'd never been in exactly this situation before. The power outages had been good training and had gathered the family. We all had only one job now, to survive. There wouldn't be any state government to rescue the stranded tourists this time, but I doubted many people were far from home as the war built to a head. It had come rather sooner than we expected, so who could really say? There had to be one group of people who were convinced such a thing could never happen.

It would be ironic if, after preparing for most of our lives, someone came in and took what we had. The only thing they would find would be the storage pails in the fruit cellars from which we refilled the Tupperware containers. Tom's parents probably refilled theirs from Tom and Liz's basement and Miguel and his family probably had a bedroom filled with pails because those two families didn't have basements. The business of having the women and children sleeping in the shelter didn't last long. Certainly not the 16 months I'd envisioned.

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"It appears that the air is clearing."

"In that case, we'd better dig out the sun block."

"When do you want to go to town and talk to AmeriGas about refilling the propane tanks?"

"Most any time, I suppose. I think we'd better ride horses, there's no sense in letting them know our vehicles work. How are we doing on making biodiesel, Tom?"

"We've figured out the process and are actually getting good at it. The same goes for the ethanol production. I pulled off a couple of quarts of 190 proof if anyone wants a taste."

"You can add that to the medical stores and label it as 95% ethanol. If you want to make something to drink, you could figure out how to make a batch of beer."

"How many in the party to Sedona?"

"Six. I'll have to take gold coin with me; I doubt that anyone will take paper dollars."

"Who will be going?"

"Me, you, Liz, Pete, and Miguel's two boys."

"Weapons?"

"Give the boys those Mossberg's, and an Armalite M-15. Make sure each horse has a scabbard and saddles bags for extra ammo."

"What do you figure propane costs?"

"The last time we bought, it went for \$2.29 a gallon. I'd guess about \$4. I figure gold probably doubled in value and is around \$1,200-\$1,300 an ounce. Silver will be around \$24-\$26 an ounce. Matt and I put most of our money in gold and silver Eagles."

"When do you want to go?"

"Right after lunch."

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It was about an hour's ride into Sedona, there wasn't any sense in pushing the horses. They had a greeting committee, road guards, if you prefer. Most of the men there knew me, they were former customers and most were holding their purchases.

"How'd everything go here in town?"

"Not well, how did you make out?"

"Most of us had basements so we had a place to sit it out."

"Can we help you Rob?"

"Came in to see about buying some propane."

"We have that, but don't go looking for any food, we pretty short."

"Once my sows farrow and the pigs get to market weight, I might be able to provide you with a little meat. Don't think we'll have any beef to sell for another year."

"Don't suppose you have any guns to sell?"

"Been out of business for a while now. I might have some ammo, for the right price. We disposed of the remainder of our inventory."

"You hear any news over your radio?"

"A little. They hit Tucson, Palo Verde, Phoenix, Flagstaff and Holbrook. The Guard is operating out of Navajo Depot. They came by a while back, looking for stolen weapons and munitions."

"They've been all over us."

"I know what you mean; I think they searched every nook and cranny out at the ranch."

"What were they looking for? I can't recall anyone ever said."

"One of those Mk 19 40mm grenade machineguns. At least, that's all they mentioned. Anyway, we brought a peace offering, one of the pack animals is carrying 200# of flour and the other 100# of beans and 100# of rice. We don't really have a lot of food we can spare."

"You know where AmeriGas is. He's only taking gold or silver; paper dollar ain't worth much without a government to back it up."

"You have any idea how much he's getting for propane?"

"\$4.50 a gallon."

"What's gold going for?"

"When the market last closed, it was going for \$625 an ounce. We've been trading it at \$1,250 an ounce. Silver is going for \$25 an ounce."

"How many people left here in Sedona?"

"Maybe 1,000 give or take."

"Where did the rest go?"

"Some lit out, some died from radiation poisoning and a few got themselves shot trying to loot the grocery stores."

"If you can get someone out to the ranch, we can provide the same amount of beans, rice and flour plus a few cans of heirloom seeds from Walton Feed. You know about nuclear summer don't you?"

"We heard. Lots of ultra violet radiation, right?"

"So the theory goes. It's been right on so far, cold as hell, more snow than we've seen in years and a gradual clearing. Say, is that gal who sold Serapes still in business?"

"Store is still there, she's gone."

"Anyone running the business?"

"Pick out what you want, double the price and pay for it in gold and silver on your way out of town. How about we trade what you want for some 7.62x51mm and 5.56x45mm ammo?"

"Suits me. I'll order the propane, pick out the things we need and some of you can come back to the ranch and get the extra food, seeds and ammo."

"Don't suppose we might be able to buy a little extra food?"

"We can give you wheat and corn to grind. We can maybe spare 500 pounds of rice and 750 pounds of beans, will that help?"

"For a while. We should have stocked up on more beans and rice when we could still get them from Costco and Sam's Club. What do you need besides serapes?"

"Baby clothes. We have some but you can never have enough. We could also use more wide brimmed hats to deal with the nuclear summer."

"We have a diesel pickup running, we can haul it for you and bring back the things you can supply us."

"Beats trying to pack the stuff on those pack horses. What's the fuel situation here in Sedona?"

"Actually, we're in good shape. We don't have more than a dozen vehicles running, so far and most of the stations' tanks were at least half full. Why, do you need fuel?"

"We could use some diesel."

"How much?"

"All we can get."

"16,000 gallons too much?"

"How much do you have?"

"One Chevron delivery truck with 2 full tanks of #2 diesel. We'll throw in the trailers to store it in. That would run you 60 ounces of gold."

"You won't need it?"

"We want the trailers back when they're empty. We know where we can go to refill them."

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I hadn't expected to find diesel fuel. A delivery truck had arrived in Sedona to refill the tanks at some of the stations in town. He hadn't made his first delivery when TSHTF. Apparently the survivors had commandeered everything in Sedona that had an absent owner for the good of the community. None of the people at the roadblock looked emaciated, they were getting food somewhere. As we rode through town, I checked and the grocery stores all had backup generators. Of course, the power outages of 2006 had probably forced them to put in backup power.

I radioed home and told Sue to put out 750 pounds of beans, 500 pounds of rice, and 100 bushels each of corn and wheat. She should have Matt select 2 cases each of 7.62x51mm and 5.56x45mm, preferably the oldest ammo. It was well preserved and should shoot just fine. Liz and she discussed what to get in the way of children's clothing. The serapes came in 2 sizes, large and huge. I grabbed 3 dozen of the large size in assorted colors. In round numbers, they were priced at \$30 each.

It only took 1½ ounces of gold to top off the propane tanks. We called it an even trade between the food, ammo and clothing and the diesel fuel came to 60 ounces of gold. Having seen what we'd seen in Sedona, I was reluctant to part with too much ammo in one fell swoop. I also directed Tom to dig out the Mk 19 and get it and the 4 machineguns set up. I preferred to err on the side of caution. It would take some doing, but I wanted to run the 60kw generator directly off the fuel in the diesel tanker rather than mixing it with our biodiesel.

"If we're going to put livestock in the pasture, I want us to have riders out. You know, Matt, they seemed more interested in getting the ammo than the food."

"I don't see why, most of them bought one or two cases of ammo when they bought their rifles."

"I know, that's what's bothering me. I told Tom to set all 5 machineguns up. If we had 3 M1114 up-armored HMMWVs, we'd be far better off. We could mount the Ma Deuces and the Mk 19 and have mobile gun platforms."

"Captain, sir, never mind the 25mm Bushmaster, we'll take 3 up-armored Hummers instead."

"Oh, I'd still like to have the Bushmaster, Matt."

"Excuse me, 3 Hummers and one Stryker."

"Not. Three Hummers and either a LAV-25 or a Bradley. I'd prefer the LAV-25 because it's wheeled. The Stryker armor won't protect against much."

"Yeah, where are you going to find a LAV-25?"

"MCLB, Barstow."

"How far is that?"

"380 miles."

"I thought the LAV-25s were wearing out."

"They had that Service Life Extension Program they carried out. I'm more interested in the M242 than the vehicle that carries it, but the Bradley is a tracked vehicle while the LAV-25 is a wheeled vehicle."

"And you only want the vehicles and not a lot of munitions or anything?"

"We'll need the 25mm ammo, but that's all. If we don't have enough weapons and supplies for the Hummer's already, we could go to Navajo Depot."

"You already have the Arizona Guard angry with us, are you sure you want to take on the US Marine Corps?"

"If we can't get what we want without contacting the Marines, we'll simply walk away. I don't want to confront anyone except people who might choose to attack the ranch."

"I have your word then that it's defensive only?"

"So help me."

"How many people are we taking?"

"Five. One to drive our vehicle back and 4 more to drive back the military vehicles."

"Ok, Tom, Sr., Tom, Jr. plus Liz to drive our vehicle and you and me. We'll load the Hummer's and the LAV up with all of the 25mm ammo we can carry. We should pick up one spare SINCGARS radio since all the vehicles have those and we'll need a base station radio."

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Under ordinary circumstances, I'd never consider stealing from the military. These weren't ordinary circumstances and as I said, if we couldn't just help ourselves and walk away, I was more than willing to turn on our heel and come home. Navajo Depot had so much stuff stored they never would have missed what we took, except for the fact we took that one weapon, the Mk 19, Mod 3.

We left early the next morning, as much to get it over with as anything else. When we arrived at the MCLB, we didn't realize that the Marines had already arrived from Port Hueneme. We found what we were looking for in vehicles and were looking for 25mm ammo when a voice said, "Can I help you?"

"Do you know where the 25mm ammo is stored?"

"You'll want M791, M792 and M793, right?"

"Whatever you recommend. Sergeant, is it?"

"Mastery Gunnery Sergeant Arthur Kurt. Did you find everything else you wanted?"

"Thank you, yes. We found 3 M1114s and one LAV-25. With the exception of the LAV-25, we have our own weapons and ammo."

"That will be \$900,000 for the LAV-25, call it \$100,000 for the ammo and another quarter million for the 3 HMMWVs."

"Sergeant, we were stealing it, we didn't intend to pay for it."

"I figured as much. Can you give me one good reason we shouldn't shoot you right where you stand?"

"No."

"I sort figured that too. What the hell, I'll show you where the ammo is."

"And then you'll shoot us?"

"What's the point, at least you were honest about being dishonest."

"We were mainly interested the M242 cannon, Master Guns, is it?"

"I don't suppose you could use 6 retired Marines could you?"

"Oh, I forgot, we needed a SINCGARS radio for a base station."

"Do you have Spearheads?"



"Nope, we don't even have any spears."

"The Spearhead is a hand held radio that transmits and receives on the same frequencies as the SINCGARS."

"We're from Arizona and we don't have a place for you to stay, but we could probably find something, like a used trailer or two. We have a fair number of weapons and a large store of ammo. My name is Rob, and the lady is my daughter Liz. That fellow over there is her husband Tom and the man with him is his father, Tom. Over there are my partner, Matt, and my other son-in-law, Pete."

"Well, let's get loaded up and out of here."

"You're not going to shoot us?"

"We came here to do the same thing as you're doing, loot a few weapons and some ammo. We're only about an hour or two in front of a group of Marines who aren't retired. The sooner we clear out, the happier I'll be."

Yes, it is improbable. Nevertheless, God sometimes protects fools. And, what story is complete without someone named Gunny? Besides, I sort took to the idea of having 6 highly trained killers at the ranch. We loaded the ammo, their duffel bags and weapons and headed home, about one hour in front of the Marines who were coming in from Port Hueneme to take charge of the MCLB, Barstow. (Derek says that the USMC assembled all the dorks into a single Company and assigned them to his unit in Iraq. These Marines should have never been let out of their cages.)

Gunny provided a team to handle the LAV-25 and he rode back to Sedona with Liz and me. During the trip home, he gave me some of information I told you earlier. His family had been in Los Angeles when the attacks came. The other 5 Marines had lost their families too and their plan had been to loot Barstow for the things they would need to survive and then find a secure place to hole up. We had plenty of extra bedrooms they could use until we found homes for them. We wouldn't have to look any further than Sedona.

We stopped just south of Kingman, AZ and refueled the vehicles from the two drums of fuel on the back of my Dodge pickup. From there, we went to Williams and turned south on NF-110. We departed the road eventually and came into the ranch the back way, cross-country. I radioed ahead and told Sue to plan on 6 extra mouths for supper and that we'd be coming in the back way. She wanted to know how it went and I told her she'd never believe me, but that she could see it with her own eyes. She asked who the extra mouths belonged to and I told her the USMC. We were greeted by John who was manning the Mk 19.

o

"Where did you get the Mk 19?"

"Stole it from the Army. Navajo Depot is only a few miles from here and we passed by the southwest corner coming here."

"That's what those igloos were, I wondered. So if you have that depot here, why did you go to Barstow?"

"I told you Gunny, we wanted a M242 Bushmaster and I didn't want a tracked vehicle. They have Bradley M2s and M3s plus Stryker LAVs."

"Don't really care for the Stryker myself, their armor is too light."

"Not much lighter than the LAV-25, but it was either a 105mm gun or a Ma Deuce."

"Did you steal the M2HBs too?"

"No, we own them. Up until recently, we were class III dealers. If you want something, the odds are we have it."

"What else do you have for machineguns?"

"Two M1919A4s in 7.62x51mm. We also have M72s, M67s, a few M18 Claymores and a wide assortment of ammo."

"How big is your ranch?"

"Just what you see, a half section. We're only 4-5 miles north of Sedona, you know it?"

"Heard of it, never been there. What made you accept our offer to come here?"

"There are about 1,000 survivors in Sedona and they made me very uneasy. A fair number of them are former customers and we have a pretty good idea how they're equipped. They indicated that they're short of food and we have livestock and a whole lot of food. We went to California to get the Bushmaster; I figure it for our heavy weapon. My wife probably has supper ready, let's have a bite to eat and Matt and I will fill you in."

o

"...and that about covers it."

"I don't believe I caught your last name."

"Sorry, it's Miller and Matt's is Johnson. Anyway, we can produce up to 880 gallons of biodiesel daily provided we can get vegetable oil. We have 3 stills for producing ethanol

and about 18,000 gallons of unleaded. Mixed with ethanol, that will produce around 120,000 gallons of E85. The silo has about 50,000 bushels of shelled corn for the ethanol. You saw the Chevron tanker, that's 16,000 gallons on #2 diesel and we have underground tanks holding up to 120,000 gallons of B100."

"I didn't see any other vehicles."

"They're in one of the pole buildings. They all run and either use E85 or diesel. As far as food goes, we have a substantial amount in storage plus a garden where we can grow more when the weather permits."

"We brought M14s, M1911s, a couple of M79s and about 4 cases of LAW rockets. Do you have ammo or will we need to raid Navajo?"

"That depends on how much we use. There are 4 pallets each of Lake City overruns in 5.56 and 7.62. We have spare barrels for the machineguns and a large assortment of belted ammo. If you need something I haven't mentioned that we don't have, Matt may be able to build it. He's a gunsmith with 40 years of experience."

"How many warriors?"

"Counting the women, 22. The only ones with actual military experience are Matt, me, Tom and Liz."

"Army?"

"Matt and I were Army infantry, Tom was a Ranger and Liz a Lieutenant in the Coast Guard."

"Ranger?"

"Yes. Liz and he are our sniper team. We have a Tac-50 equipped with the Night Force 12-42x56mm scope, a MUNS and Jet Suppressor and a Winchester model 70 in .308 equipped with a Swarovski scope, UNS and Surefire suppressor."

"Accommodations?"

"Singlewide mobile home be ok?"

"How much?"

"They won't cost anything, we'll salvage them from the trailer parks. We can pick up another half dozen horses for you fellas and equip you with cowboy guns for daily wear."

"What's available?"

"Colt SAAs, Beretta Stampedes, Ruger Vaqueros and some Blackhawk's. We have Winchester and Marlin lever action rifles in matching calibers."

"You have any civies in our sizes?"

"If we don't, we can pick them up in Sedona. Look Gunny, we're trying to maintain a fairly low profile and for most occasions the old western style guns help to carry the impression. We have FALs, HK91s, HK93s, M1As and a good selection of military weapons. They people in town don't really know what we have out here and we'd prefer to keep it that way. Although we have electrical power, we're not advertising it. What they don't know won't hurt us."

"Mrs. Miller that was an excellent meal thank you; Rob what about temporary accommodations?"

"We'll put you 3 of you here and 3 of you can stay with Matt and Sarah until we get the mobile homes. You might want to grow your hair out a bit; you look too much like soldiers with the haircuts."

"Where do you want the SINCGARS base station?"

"Let me give you the tour, there's much more to this place than meets the eye."

o

After we complete a tour of the underground facilities, one of the men asked where our infirmary was. I explained that while we had an assortment of medical supplies, Tom was the only one of us with any medical training, and that was as a Combat Lifesaver. He laughed and said we had a medic now; he was actually a sailor, a hospital corpsman with many years of experience.

"Can you get a list of supplies you might need together? We'll get whatever you need in Sedona."

"Don't bother, Master Guns and I will go to Navajo Deport tomorrow and requisition everything I need. What do you have for durable medical equipment?"

"Not much, a 10-liter oxygen machine and a defibrillator. The rest of our stuff is the usual mix of over the counter bandages and the like. We have some CLS bags, but little in the way of lifesaving equipment. We had planned on using the hospital in Sedona."

"Do you have any M9s?" Gunny asked. "I didn't bring one and I should look the part."

## When We Were Young – Chapter 12

"I can dig one out; I don't much care for those."

"We'll be back in time for breakfast if you can get me the pistol now."

"You want a M4 to complete the illusion?"

"Sure, if you have one."

"I do."

"I'll get started on the requisition. By the way, my name is Vern Hughes, and I was an E-6 and most people call me Doc."

"My friends call me Art, Rob. Vern, we'll plan on leaving at 0600."

"Explain just one thing to me, Art. I've always held Marines in very high regard, yet we ran into you fellas at Barstow, helping yourselves. What was that all about?"

"Rob, there isn't much of the country left. There won't be any pension after I put in 24 years and we figured if we were going to help anybody we'd need equipment. When we saw you people selectively looting, we talked it over briefly and decided to find out what the story was. I liked what little I heard and you were honest about what you were doing. We moved what we wanted to a storage locker in Barstow so if we can get back, we have the better part of a semi load of things you/we can use. I decided on my own we'd tag along and find out what your story was. You've been open and trusting, perhaps a little too trusting, but we won't take advantage of that. This looks like as good a base of operations as any. Does that answer your question?"

"Yep. Do you really think you can pull it off tomorrow?"

"It's worth a shot. If we can't, you know the back way into the Depot, I assume."

o

I guess you'd better make that 5 killers and a hospital corpsman. Some of those guys are trained to the point where they're just short of being doctors. Even if we'd blundered our way into this situation, it had turned out better than I could have hoped. If they couldn't get what Doc thought he needed from the depot, we might be able to trade for it in Sedona. We'd take all the breaks we could get, the situation wasn't good.

"Sgt. Jack Adams, late of the USMC, do you need help mounting the weapons on the Hummers?"

"We'll take all the help we can get Jack. We have assorted parts in storage so if you don't see what you need, let Matt know. He either has it or can fabricate it."

"You have an Mk 19 and 2 50s?"

"That's right."

"I'll get with Matt tomorrow and we get them mounted one way or another."

o

The following day, Tom and I drove into Sedona. We arranged to get 3 of the large singlewide homes towed out to the ranch. They must have been feeling generous; all they ask for was one ounce of gold each, just to cover the delivery. Once they showed up with the trailers, it was a different story; they wanted 2 cases of ammo each to unhook them. We gave them 6 cases of 5.56 practice ammo. I had a feeling this wouldn't be the last time they asked for ammo, but it was the last time they were going to get any.

"How did it go at the Depot?"

"Not as well as we hoped, but we got enough supplies for a good start. Is there a hospital in Sedona?"

"Twenty-four hour medical center. I have no idea what they'd have for supplies. What are you short of?"

"Mostly IV solutions. They had everything Doc wanted, but it was on allocation. It's enough for a start, but we could always use more."

"We got 3 trailers. We'll have to get them leveled and hooked into the utilities. I suppose we're going to have to use the big generator now."

"How big is it?"

"A pair of 150kw. We have a 60kw and the big ones. They're synchronized and we've been running the 60kw up until now."

"You could just run one 150kw unit, we won't use much power."

"Jack got the weapons mounted on the Hummers. We managed to keep them and the LAV out of sight when they towed in the trailers. They wanted more ammo before they'd unhook them. That make 2 cases of 7.62 and 8 cases of 5.56 we've given them."

"Did you cut into your supply?"

"Barely. We won't miss it, but I'm concerned that it might get used against us."

"Do they know how much food you have stored underground?"

"I doubt it. What we have either came from Sam's Club, Costco, Nitro Pak, Emergency Essentials or Walton Feed in Idaho. It was purchased over a period of years and slowly built to the level it is now. We've been concerned since the lights went out about possible food shortages and began to stock in earnest. Up to this point, our main problems have been the lack of a medical person and concerns over food and fuel."

"What are your main concerns now?"

"That someone will try and take our livestock."

"With 10 German Shepherd's running around the place? How did you come to have so many dogs?"

"Christmas 2006, every family got a puppy."

"Then they're a little over 2 years old and full grown?"

"Right and they've had some training but aren't fully trained guard dogs. We give them the run of the housing complex which is the area enclosed by the chain link fence."

"Why the chain link fence?"

"We had a break in. We put up the fence and got the dogs for Christmas."

"What happened to the intruders?"

"We killed them, all 6 of them."

"What did they want?"

"We never figured that out. Would you like to be in charge of security Art?"

"I thought Tom was in charge."

"He has been, but when it warms up, he'll be busy working with Miguel to see if we can grow any kind of crops."

"Why wouldn't you be able to?"

"Nuclear summer. Once the clouds are all gone, the depleted ozone layer won't block as much ultra violet and the crops might get too much sun and or heat."

"Can't you shade them?"

"I suppose we could try. I see if we can get some kind of netting."

"How hot does it get here?"

"Normally not that bad, about 95° in July, but when we get nuclear summer, you'll think you're in Phoenix in the middle of summer."

"120°?"

"Could be."

o

In fact, the record high for Phoenix was 122°, set on July 26, 1990. If anyone survived the bombing and all of the fallout, when summer came, they'd have to leave Phoenix, it would be hotter than the Sonoran Desert. I didn't want to think about what the actual Sonoran Desert would be like, probably uninhabitable. We had to go to town and get the fellas those civilian clothes they wanted, jeans and western shirts seemed to be the order of the day. They got the western shirts for dress up and blue work shirts with long sleeves for everyday wear. We treated them to serapes; it was a good way to disguise whatever weapons they chose to wear ala the man with no name. They would probably identify with Eastwood as Gunny Highway although he wasn't the best example of a Marine.

They also needed 2 wide brimmed hats, one straw and one felt, to be worn depending on the weather. Once we got them half looking like cowhands, Matt and I completed the image by giving them their choice of the single action revolvers and lever action rifles. The most popular caliber among them was the .45 Colt. The energy of the cartridges ran in foot pounds: .357 mag – 535, .45 Colt – 423, .44 Mag – 740. The .45 Colt compared favorably with the .45 Auto.

Now all we needed was another dozen horses, mounts and remounts for our new hired guns. Saddle horses were available, complete with tack, for about 2 ounces of gold each. Matt and I had a long discussion about this and we decided that decking the Marines out as cowhands made the most sense. People were bound to notice our new additions and we didn't want them to know that our principal interest in them was in helping to guard our pitifully small ranch.

"Art, why did we need practice rounds for the Bushmaster?"

"At close range against structural targets, the training round (TP-T) is significantly more effective. The M793 are ideal in those situations. Otherwise we use a mix of M791 and M792. What are we going to be up against, pickups? We have more of it in the storage locker in Barstow, when can we go after that stuff?"



"Anytime you want to. What do you need, a tractor trailer rig?"

"Nah, we can get that in Barstow, but it might be nice to borrow one of the M1114s with a Ma Deuce mounted."

"Are you going to need fuel?"

"Just a pump and some hose. We'll need Jerry cans so we have enough fuel to get to Barstow, though."

"We don't really have any kind of fuel trailer you could tow with you."

"Do you want one? We can pick one up."

"If it's no problem, sure."

o

I am here to tell you that if you give a Marine a whole Logistics Base to choose from and free rein, he'll come up with the darnedest assortment of supplies you ever saw. They had portable generators, weapons, ammo, medical supplies, a fuel trailer and even several pallets worth of MREs. Do you need C-4 and detonators? How much and how many? They even had one of those XM109s and an early model XM107, built on the M82A1 design rather than the M95 design. Apparently they intended to lend aid and comfort to the survivors and aerate the bad guys. All of the things they had, with a few exceptions, were man-portable. They even brought back desert camouflage netting so we could protect our crops from the UV radiation.

By the time they got back from Barstow, we had the 3 trailers leveled and plumbed in. They each took a generator for their trailer as backup power and some of the weapons. We didn't really have room to store all the contents of the trailer, so they draped it in netting after they moved the MREs to our storage. Sarah and Sue had been discussing the situation and concluded it was better for them to take turns cooking for 10 people than have the Marines eating their own cooking, or so they claimed. Matt and I went along with the suggestion because it meant cooking a single meal 3 times a day and might serve to stretch the food.

Our livestock herd had increased to 12 sows and 6 cows plus one boar and one bull. That indicated that this coming spring we'd had 3 calves we could feed for butchering and we'd end up with 9 cows. Twelve sows should give us about 10 dozen pigs and allow us to sell meat to the residents of Sedona. We didn't want more than a total of 30 sows and it would take another couple of years before we could market a respectable amount of beef. It probably meant appropriating land but it was just sitting there growing mesquite.

That case of #10 cans containing seed we'd given them should help ease their plight and we could spare more corn, wheat, beans and rice if they had the brains to ask instead of trying to take it by force. While they might not know where our food was stored, if they overran us, they could find it easily enough.

◦

"Just what exactly did you have in mind for us to do?" Art asked.

"First and foremost, security, Gunny. If we can get our hands on enough wire, we'll fence in another 320 acres for the cattle herd that will be coming. We're going to need to locate irrigation pipe, the desert can't bloom unless we can provide the water. Now let me ask you a question, what do the 6 of you require in terms of amenities and compensation?"

"First off, we're going to need the basic necessities, food, shelter and clothing and for the moment, you've covered that. A man likes to feel like he's earning a living, so some kind of salary would seem to be in order. We discussed it and quite frankly, in light of the situation, don't know quite what to ask for. It's not like we can go to town on the weekend and belly up to a bar if we were so inclined. I'd expect it would be up to us to provide our own companionship, but that would mean we'd need another 3 trailers."

"We could move the biodiesel operation from the small shop into the big shop and open up a recreation center. Tom is working on figuring out how to make some homebrewed beer. We could go salvaging for whatever equipment you need. Maybe a pool table, a little liquor, things like that. We could go to town tomorrow and get 3 more trailers easy enough and I don't know what to say when it comes to paying you a wage."

"Hell, if it's all included, it wouldn't take much, could you handle \$300 a month?"

"I suppose. I can pay you in silver and redeem it for gold when you have enough. The going rate on silver is \$25 an ounce and gold is \$1,250 an ounce. Would that be ok with you?"

"It will work. Where do we start?"

"Let's start with the housing. After that, we look for equipment for your recreation center and some barbed wire and posts. You fellas can keep your eye peeled for anything you think we can use here. As for companionship, you're on your own. They told us the population of Sedona was down to about 1,000 people, but I don't know how many of them are women."

"That's on us; let's go see about the housing."

◦

"Three more trailers? Sure. We're going to need 3 ounces and 6 cases of .308 this time."

"I have the gold, but we're all but out of 7.62x51mm. We have 9mm and 5.56x45mm."

"Half and half?"

"Sure, but you realize there's only 250 rounds in a case of 9mm."

"We'll take it; do you know which 3 homes you want?"

"Art will show you."

"We'll bring them by this afternoon."

After we pointed out the homes we went back to the ranch.

"What do you mean you're out of 7.62x51mm, you have at least 4 pallets of it?"

"These could be the people we end up fighting Gunny."

"Oh. It's a real shame you're low on 7.62x51mm."

"Matt and I sold most of them the assault rifles they have and they favored 7.62x51mm. I suppose the 5.56x45mm will kill you just as dead as 7.62x51mm but I don't want them to have our good ammo. They can loot the Depot the same as we did."

"How did you do that?"

"We went in through the back fence once we had their patrol routine figured out. Cut the locks off the igloos and replaced them with identical locks after we had what we wanted. We cut the chain link fence right at a post and wired it back together so without close inspection, they might miss it. I'm sure they discovered the theft when they went to open the bunkers, but by then we were long gone."

"And you haven't been back?"

"No. Matt and I figured they'd increase security for a while."

"We'd better limit our shopping to Barstow. The Guard was pretty po'd about that theft."

"We thought as much, they spent hours here looking."

"Speaking of Barstow, we can get everything we want for the canteen there. We can also pick up 7.62 if you want more."

"I have bolt cutters."

"We have keys."

"We could probably stand to have some non-lethal stuff like gas grenades and flash bangs."

"We'll get you some M42 masks."

"If you want to go to Barstow, we'll work on getting the trailers installed. Can you get barbed wire in 80 rod spools?"

"How many?"

"9."

"How many posts will you need?"

"400."

"Ok, we'll look."

"We'll also need 16 corner posts if you can find them."

"I'd better make a list:

Canteen equipment  
Assorted grenades  
40 M42A2 masks with spare filters  
9 80-rod spools barbed wire  
400 steel posts  
20 8' cedar posts

"Anything else?"

"One pallet of 7.62x51mm, either M80 ball or M993AP on stripper clips."

"Gotcha. We'll take the semi-tractor."

o

"This quite the little community you're putting together."

"Our new hired hands wanted individual trailers; I suppose they're thinking of starting families."

"What are they, soldiers?"

"Ex-military, yes; all recently released from active duty."

"Got the ammo?"

"It's sitting right over there, are you doing a lot of practicing?"

"Why?"

"Just curious, you've gotten quite a bit of ammo from us recently."

"We need it to protect the town."

"Had any trouble?"

"Well, no, but you never know."

"If there are any single women in town looking for husbands, you might mention our new hands to them. We have a pretty nice place here that's secure and we'll be putting in a garden as soon as it warms up."

"What's in the trailer under the camo netting?"

"Oh, that's the personal possessions of the 3 men who don't have homes yet."

"When are you going to get more of the 7.62x51mm?"

"I don't know that we are, what with the war. You might try asking the National Guard for some. They should have tons of the stuff up at their Depot."

"We did. They don't have any to spare."

"Like I told you, we disposed of most of our stuff when we closed the business."

"Tell your hired hands that we're a mite short on women in town."

"Thanks, I'll let them know."

"Do you have any more food you can spare?"

"Sure don't; we gave you all we had the last time. Maybe when the garden comes in."

o

"You lie quite convincingly."

"He was lying too, Matt. I'll tell Gunny that there are plenty of unattached women in Sedona. We have to find out if there are any restaurants open and all go to town some night for supper."

"That should be interesting."

"Tom, let's get the 3 new trailers leveled, I have a feeling they won't be in Barstow very long. Pete, could you run the trencher and John, will you lay out the pipes for the water and sewage plus the conduit?"

We have left over building supplies from setting up the first 3 trailers. If any of us had been thinking, we would have run all of the pipe and conduit and just sealed it off until we needed it. We'd gone to town and helped ourselves to the trencher when they weren't looking. I'm sure it would have cost us plenty. We hadn't come up with irrigation pipe, but that was a few weeks away. We'd be lucky to get grass to grow the first year, even with the water we could spare. Now I wished I had a bigger well.

When they got back, they had everything on the list and a couple of things we hadn't thought like a hydraulic post hole driver that mounted on any tractor with a 3 point hitch. We had two houses leveled and were just finishing the third. We had yet to connect the plumbing and that wouldn't get done until the next day. We were anxious to hear about their trip to Barstow.

"Have any trouble Gunny?"

"A little, but we handled it. We found that post driver and were loading it when someone objected."

"Was it his?"

"No, he was being a busy body. I laid a line of chit on him about requisitioning it for the good of the nation. The Marines had cleared out of Barstow, but took a fair amount of stuff with them. I also picked up an electric posthole digger to put the posts in with and 3 generators for our trailers. There are people out and about now and they wanted to know why we weren't helping them."

"What did you tell them?"

"That we were on a mission, but I didn't tell them for whom."

"I have good news and bad news, take your pick."

"Give me the good news."

"There are single ladies in town."

"And the bad news is the assholes in charge of Sedona said we weren't welcome?"

"More or less. We're going to check and see if any restaurants are open. If so, I thought we'd all go to town for dinner. Did you get what you wanted for your canteen?"

"Pool table, portable bar and the contents on one liquor store and one tobacco store. Doc knocked over a drug store so we have plenty of meds. He just cleared the shelves into some cardboard boxes, we'll have to sort it out later."

"Sarah is cooking tonight, pizza okay?"

"Sounds good. I picked up spare tires for the Hummers and LAV. We got the pallet of 7.62 but it's all M80. I took concussion, flash bang, white smoke, CS and M67 grenades. I also took some M1029 crowd dispersal, M1060 thermobaric and some M1001 canister rounds. The M1029 are for the M203 and the others for the Mk 19. That M1060 is the ultimate in crowd control, they don't get back up."

"They were asking for more food and 7.62x51mm."

"What did you tell them?"

"No más"

o

There weren't any restaurants open in Sedona due to a general lack of food. However, they were holding a dance in a couple of weeks to try and raise the spirits of the survivors. We figured that was even better. The ladies cut up tortillas for corn chips and made a big batch of bean dip as our contribution to the dance. They had 2 large black trash bags full of chips and at least a gallon of bean dip.

We showed up all decked out in our best western wear and, dance or not, we were wearing our six-guns. We had to check those at the door, that's the law. However, they didn't see the PPKs. Our Marine friends were a big hit and they escorted ladies back to their trailers for a 'night cap'. The people who claimed there weren't any available ladies couldn't say anything, their wives were there. When we sat down to a big breakfast the next morning, the gals from town indicated if we had enough food, they might stay. Sue and Sarah must have scrambled about 4 dozen eggs and fried about 4 pounds of bacon. They also had cottage fries, toast and orange juice. They were putting on quite the show for the benefit of our new hired hands and the ladies. Later that day, we went into town to get the gals' things and TSHTF.

"I told you we didn't have any spare single women here in Sedona."

"They seem to think differently."

"It don't matter what they think."

"Tom, bring up the vehicles," I radioed. The 3 Hummers and LAV-25 pulled in all in a row with the weapons manned.

"You were saying?"

"Where did you get that stuff, the Depot?"

"Nope; we imported it from California. Any other questions?"

"You wouldn't shoot at us!"

"Liz, could you demonstrate the Ma Deuce for them?"

Brattttttt, Brattttttt, Brattttttt.

"Thank you Liz. Do you need a demonstration of the Mk 19?"

"You aren't going to get away with this!"

"Really? We just did."

No, I never read Dale Carnegie's book, *How to Win Friends and influence People*. Conversely, the Ma Deuce does leave a lasting impression. We did some shopping while we were in town and nobody thought to ask us to pay. It was more than evident that the women didn't intend to return to town, one even brought her cat.

o

That also took care of the spare mounts we had for the Marines. I donated a box of CDs and a player for their new canteen, courtesy of the City of Sedona. Maybe this fall when we showed up with a truckload of hogs, they'd get over it. What do you think pork is worth, maybe \$1.50 a pound? Do they have any idea how much JP-8 we found stored, free for the taking? Or how much propane was stored in California? There were 3 suppliers in Barstow alone, one with a contract with MCLB, Barstow. Sedona wasn't the only AmeriGas location in Arizona, either, just the closest. Of course once the fellas had it set up, we all got invited for a dance they were holding.

Using the post driver and the full crew, we made short work of fencing in the additional 320 acres. I sent Tom scouting around for irrigation pipe and he found that and grass seed. It was beginning to warm up finally, so we stopped and hung the camo netting over the garden area. We kept the cows on the stored hay and grain and let the other animals out to graze. We ended up with 4 heifers and 3 bulls (one set of fraternal twins) and 129 pigs.



We rototilled some of the manure into the garden and used the remainder on the new field. We planted all we could in the garden, hoping to provide some food to the residents of Sedona and easing their hurt feelings, planting the same crops as the previous year, just in greater volume. We did have 6 pairs of willing hands to help this year that we didn't the previous. Because of our trip to Hyrum we had enough jars for our own use for this year and possibly next. We could sell fresh produce to the folks in Sedona but they have to can it themselves.

The residents must have been out salvaging, they didn't show up like we expected. I'm sure that had nothing to do with our moving the LAV and the 3 Hummer's in a position where they protected the front of the property, who knows? Using a rule of thumb of one hog per 2 people, excluding the small children, we needed to butcher 17 hogs for our own use and all 3 of the steers. We agreed to stop at 30 breeding sows, giving us ample hogs to sell to the people in town. The good news in all of that was the following season; we'd have lots of hogs to sell. We'd be up to 10 cows and it really depended on whether they produced heifers or bulls.

Sixty-seven of the pigs were male and 62 female. One-hundred twenty-nine minus 18 got us to 30 sows. One-hundred eleven minus 17 left us with 94 marketable hogs. If the people in town were smart, they'd keep some of the female hogs and find a boar to breed them, allowing them to produce plenty of meat in the future. If they asked, we'd be more than willing not to castrate one on the pigs or one of the steers. We could probably spare a heifer for them to start their own herd. The question then became would their bellies or brains rule their decisions? We started with 2 sows and 4 cows and were up to 30 and 10, respectively. We had one stallion and were breeding horses, but it takes about 4 years to produce a riding horse. Moreover, you couldn't use a bred mare for work, forcing us to limit the breeding program.

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In all my life, I never believed that I end up being a farmer/rancher. We would all become farmers in the end until enough food could be produced to allow people to pursue other occupations. How many of those occupations depended on a supply of fuel and/or electricity, think about it. We undoubtedly weren't importing any fuel and unless we produced it ourselves, there wouldn't be any. Which led us to wonder where would we find vegetable oil to convert to fuel unless we produced it ourselves? That supply of JP-8 might seem inexhaustible to us, but others were most likely using it too.

Because military vehicles will run on nearly every fuel, we could probably use jet fuel A if we could find it. If we produced 300 acres of canola, we could perhaps produce ~38,000 gallons of oil and feed the meal to the livestock. An 80 acre field of corn would produce as much as 8,000 bushels or more of corn which could be converted to over 20,000 gallons of alcohol. The stabilized unleaded gas would allow us to blend 102,000 gallons of that alcohol into 120,000 gallons of E-85. That left 260 acres of our desert for our buildings and grass crops.

That right, desert, you've been to Sedona, haven't you? You see a lot of pretty red rock formations and miles and miles of desert interspersed with mountains and canyons. It wasn't farming country. Worse, we weren't farmers and an old Ford 8N wasn't much of a tractor. We were pressed to find 10 flat acres for the garden, never mind the canola or corn. All we could do was try to grow grass for now on the extra acreage.

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How could we have not seen this coming? Oh, you think because we were prepared, we knew the 'when' and 'what', right? Wrong, we only knew that 'if' wasn't a question and 'what' and 'when' were wide open. It took a while to get there and now the fun was about to begin. We didn't think anyone would come south from Flagstaff, they'd have to go through the radiation; however, Phoenix was always possible.

As for the war, what the hell did they think would happen when Israel got tired of Hamas and Hezbollah? Did they really think that North Korea would take the UN Resolution lying down? Then, they signed a contract to sell 8 old diesel subs to China. Hey, get real, just because we worked out our problems with Russia and eventually let them into the WTO, didn't make them our best friends.

It was early to be as warm as it was, late March. Did that mean the sky was clear enough to create the nuclear summer? Given the temperature, we assumed it did. It was time to get the irrigation pipes into place to get enough water on the 2<sup>nd</sup> half section to get the grass started. Because Strontium-90 could get into the grass, we kept the cows on baled hay. If we hadn't had Miguel to keep it all straight for us, we'd been up that creek without the paddle.

The netting provided just enough shade for the garden and we kept it well wetted down. Talk about sweat, all you had to do was get under the netting canopy and the humidity seemed to go to 200%. Our garden was 400' x 1,000', 400,000ft<sup>2</sup> or about 9.2 acres. We planted an acre of potatoes, an acre of sweet corn, an acre of various melons, an acre of onions, 2 acres of tomatoes – 1¾ each of Roma and ¼ Beefsteak – and an acre of dry beans. The remainder was taken up by all the other vegetables we planted, you've seen the list.

Green bean plants will produce until they get tired, or so it seemed. What do you get when you plant 2 rows 400' long? Tired; and, lots of green beans. I sometime wonder why we planted 4 rows. Probably to give the new ladies something to do beside cook for our Marines. Well, maybe they didn't limit themselves to cooking, but that was none of our business. They'd have to use the cloth diapers, we used up the disposable ones, they hadn't been our highest priority at the time.

You know what they said, right? Ninety-four pigs for 1,000 people weren't enough. We were asking \$1.50/pound, live weight, for the hogs, payable in gold or silver. Gold was trading it at \$1,250 an ounce; Silver is trading for \$25 an ounce. Ninety-four hogs at an

average live weight of 250 pounds selling for \$1.50 per pound live weight was \$35,250. In gold that was 28.2 ounces. No beef was available this year. We knew they had the gold; they got 60 ounces from us. They took hogs and the garden produce, though and paid for it in gold and silver. What was worrisome was the fact that they didn't ask for any ammunition. Neither did they offer to trade anything they had in Sedona. Tom said he thought he saw some new faces; I didn't notice them. Were we up to page 799, yet?

Apparently the folks in Sedona had found another source of food; they didn't buy everything we offered to sell. Which would have been ok had we not run out of canning jars. It wasn't practical to drive to Salt Lake for more jars so we began searching nearby towns for what we needed. We have gladly paid a buck a jar just to get them but we didn't have to, the radiation level had fallen enough in Flagstaff we went scrounging there.

It had apparently been a smaller weapon and a ground burst intended to take out the runway. It got the runway, terminal, hangers and fuel supplies. It also took out the overpass forcing us to stay on 89 and given the residual radiation, that was probably ok. I assume you're familiar with Flagstaff's Pulliam Airport (FLG) with the single runway 3/21 with a length of ~7,000'.

It was clear that they hadn't been to Flagstaff because the sporting goods and gun stores will still nearly fully stocked. We sent one of the boys back for the semi-tractor and trailer to load up everything we could carry. We did it on the basis of priority, going for toilet paper and feminine hygiene supplies followed by staples that time couldn't hurt. Things like rice, pasta and beans. Because we would have to use the trailer for storage, we looked around and found two more. Flagstaff was a community of ~50,000 and it would take us a couple of weeks and several trailers to remove everything we could use. Casey's was abandoned and that gave us a source for meat cutting tools.

The next last thing we removed and hauled back to the ranch was grain from the local elevator. The last item was fuel pumped out of the tanks at several service stations. We'd save the biodiesel processing equipment for when we could no longer locate fuel and restore it with either PRI-G or PRI-D. The only trouble we had was with feral dogs and everyone carried a 12-gauge fulltime.

We had enough jars and lids for several seasons even if those folks in Sedona pulled their heads out and wanted to trade for food. You counted our people, right? Exclusive of children, we had 8 adults, Matt's family had 10 adults and Miguel family 4 adults, or close to, have you seen how much a teenager eats? Add to that Gunny and his 5 and their 6 women, giving us a total of 34 adults and several children.

Anything requiring refrigeration was a total loss, although the freezers weren't. We pulled an entire row of the glass-fronted upright freezers and set them up in the office section with the stills and biodiesel processors, figuring it would be a while before we'd have to use the processing equipment. In fact, it might make a good place to process the meat this fall when we were going to have to learn how to do it ourselves. Sue went to the library and located several books we need for that purpose.

Just because there weren't any people in Flagstaff didn't mean the entire population had been killed in the attack. Our best guess they moved north up to the general area of the Grand Canyon. There were also clear signs the Guard had been in Flagstaff, perhaps to relocate them. Although we located supplies of vegetable oil, we left it for later because we didn't have anywhere to store it. Even if the oil turned rancid, it was probably still good for biodiesel.

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Once we were back at the ranch and had all we thought we could use, our next step was to sort it and store it in the trailers for easier access. We'd mostly left the ladies to guard the ranch because the garden couldn't wait while we were salvaging. Miguel's boys were getting old enough that one day soon they be thinking about wives of their own and we located trailers we could haul in when the time came. Each trailer and home now sported its own 3,000-gallon propane tank plus the 4,950 gallons we previous had and were able to refill.

It wasn't just good luck either, luck is something that you occasionally make for yourself. The only 2 targets in northern Arizona were Flagstaff and Holbrook. By waiting until it was relatively safe, we'd done well in Flagstaff. Several weeks after the attack, we began to do our 'shopping' and it had paid handsomely. Now, the only problem would be to hold on to what we had.

Our show of force in Sedona may have impressed them, but only until they ran low on food. When that happened, they'd be back and wouldn't be asking. Flagstaff and the area around here had thousands of acres of trees, even after the fire of 2006. If it became necessary, we could try and locate wood stoves and start cutting firewood. All of our fuel tanks were full and we had 48,000-gallons of diesel fuel stored in 3 double-bottomed tankers.

With fall approaching we made one late trip into town, offering to trade some of the things we'd recovered from Flagstaff even including 7.62x51mm ammo. We had plenty of takers for that and sold out all we had recovered for \$500 per 1,000-round case. We recovered a fair number of our gold Eagles in so doing.

Once we finished with the harvest, Doc wanted to return to Flagstaff and get a portable classroom we could set up as a medical clinic. He done a little scouting in Flagstaff and had located medical supplies and equipment. We got 3 classrooms, one to use as a hospital, a second as a clinic and a third to store the drugs and medical supplies. We were using up our free ground area in and around the buildings. Once we had the 2 trailers for Miguel's boys, we'd either have to stop expanding or move some fences. The supply of food was greater than it had been at any time in recent memory. We were at, for all practical purposes, the end of the beginning, or perhaps more correctly in phase II of human habitation.

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"We're there.

"Where?"

"We made transition from the old world into what Aldous Huxley called *The Brave New World*."

"Huh?"

"At its core, *Brave New World* was a novel of ideas. The characters were often ill-defined, serving mainly to advance the themes Huxley wished to explore. The novel was roughly split into three sections.

"The first section introduces the reader to the World State and the characters that inhabit it. Bernard Marx begins the novel as the apparent main protagonist, portrayed as one of the few dissatisfied individuals in a world of conformity.

"In the second section Huxley defies traditional utopian novel structure as he introduces a separate and contradictory version of the future, the Malpais Savage Reservation. This 'uncivilized' nation is a vision of the present. Both of them are presented in an equally convincing fashion, allowing Huxley and the reader to contrast his futuristic utopian vision with contemporary society. This contrast is made even more evident by his introduction of the character John the Savage. Here again, Huxley defies convention by introducing the novel's real main protagonist nearly halfway through the novel. An outcast in both the Savage Reservation and the World State, John replaces Bernard Marx, becoming a heroic (albeit flawed) figure. With John's arrival in the World State, a place already somewhat familiar to the reader, Huxley is able to provide a new perspective for the reader to consider.

The third section deals almost entirely with John's reaction to, and inevitable destruction by, The World State. The World State is a unified government which administers the entire planet, with a few isolated exceptions."

"Is that the same as the New World Order?"

"The term New World Order has been used to refer to a new period of history evidencing a dramatic change in world political thought and the balance of power. The first usages of the term surrounded Woodrow Wilson's Fourteen Points and call for a League of Nations following the devastation of WW I. The phrase was used sparingly at the end of the WW II when describing the plans for the United Nations and Bretton Woods system, in part because of the negative association the phrase would bring to the failed League of Nations. In retrospect however, many commentators have applied the term retroactively to the order put in place by the WWII victors as a New World Order.

"The most recent, and most widely discussed, application of the phrase came at the end of the Cold War. Presidents Mikhail Gorbachev and George H.W. Bush used the term to try and define the nature of the post-Cold War era, and the spirit of great power cooperation that they hoped might materialize. Gorbachev's initial formulation was wide ranging and idealistic, but his ability to press for it was severely limited by the internal crisis of the Soviet system. Bush's vision was, in comparison, much more circumscribed and pragmatic, perhaps even instrumental at times and closely linked to the First Gulf War. Perhaps not surprisingly, the perception of what the new world order entailed in the press and in the public imagination far outstripped what either Gorbachev or Bush had outlined, and was characterized by nearly comprehensive optimism."

"I'm not so sure I like what you just said."

"Plans for far-reaching changes in the character of international society are an intellectual by-product of all great wars, Matt."

"How long did this war last, an hour?"

"I didn't say that, it's a quote from Nicholas J. Spykman in, *America's Strategy in World Politics*."

"What politics? Don't you need a government before politics enters the picture?"

"Politics are the art or science of government or governing, especially the governing of a political entity, such as a nation, and the administration and control of its internal and external affairs. What would you call Rob's Roost if not a small political entity?"

"Smaller than Monaco."

"Wrong, Monaco is only 1.95km<sup>2</sup>, and that's only 482 acres, we're bigger. That only proves my point, Matt, we're bigger than some countries."

"So if you're the King, does that make me the Prime Minister?"

"I'm not the King, this is a Constitutional Republican Democracy. Just because we've been blown to chit doesn't change that. Former President Bush is out there somewhere in seclusion (hiding) and waiting for this to all blow over. Our Navy was at sea, so we must have a military for the Commander-in-Chief to command."

"It would be ok with me if he got off his duff and did that."

"What month is it? What year is it? You haven't been paying attention if you don't realize that Dubya is out of office. As of noon on January 20, 2009, his 2<sup>nd</sup> term expired. He's probably sitting down in Crawford wondering why Congress hasn't taken charge."

"Was that his plan the whole time?"

"How should I know? I'm not so sure he knew."

"Ah, I get it, nobody is in charge."

"Right. You and I are in charge here and the survivors are in charge in Sedona. As long as they're there and we're here, all is well. It's when they come here with mischief in mind that we have a real problem."

"Which you attempted to preclude by parking the vehicles up front."

"Right Kemo Sabe."

"Hey, we all know, or at least those of us over 30 know, that Tonto called the Lone Ranger *Kemo Sabe*. Did you know that during the early radio shows the Lone Ranger also called Tonto *Kemo Sabe*? (It was originally spelled *Kemo Sabay*) I have assumed that it was a friendly expression from one of the Native American languages, and I have found nothing to dispute this, but very little to support it. Like all good theories, one must try just as hard to disprove them as to prove them. I have asked several Native Americans about *Kemo Sabe* and they have all looked at me like I was asking them about the unified theory of the universe.

"Recently my friend Fran sent me a newspaper clipping that sheds some additional light on the matter. This information came from Dave Barry's column in the New York Daily News, Saturday, June 10, 2000. Dave Barry swears that he has researched the matter and his facts are correct. According to Barry, 'The original 'Lone Ranger' show was created at Detroit radio station WXYZ in 1933. This explains why Tonto called the Lone Ranger *Kemo Sabe*, a phrase that is derived from the name of a boys' summer camp in Michigan owned by the director's uncle.' Now the question remains as to where the boys' camp got their name. I have read that Kemosabe in the Navajo language means "soggy bush," or "soggy shrub." I don't believe they would have named their camp "soggy bush". There are a lot of things I could say at this point, but none of them are tasteful, so I'll move along.

"A search of the Internet using *Kemo Sabe* got me 80 links, and many of those had other links. Several links led me to a miniature donkey named *Kemo Sabe*. There are a number of commercial ventures using the name *Kemo* or *Kemo Sabe*, including one design firm. I wonder if they know about the Navajo translation. I did find out that the first use of the name *Kemo Sabe* was in a very early film clip where a group of six Texas rangers were ambushed and all killed but one. The surviving ranger, which is where the "lone" comes from in Lone Ranger, is found and nursed back to health by an Indian named Tonto. Tonto recognizes a ring that he gave the ranger when they were youth many years ago and calls him *Kemo Sabe*, as in recognition of a long lost friend. At this juncture, we can only speculate to its meaning. 'Trusted friend' or 'long lost friend' are plausible guesses.

"I don't trust anything that Dave Berry writes, so I did some further research. In the 1930's, when the Lone Ranger show got its start, there was indeed a camp in the northern part of Michigan called 'Ke Mo Sah Bee' and the name is reported to have stood for 'trusty friend' or 'trusty scout.' Since the show got its start in Michigan, it seems logical that the name could have come from there. Could Dave Berry be right? But wait! A respected researcher at the Smithsonian Institute claims that *Kemo Sabe* comes from the Tewa Indian dialect where 'Kema' means 'friend' and 'Sabe' means 'Apache.' Another scholar claims that in the Yavapai Indian language the word 'kinmasaba' means 'one who is white.'

"Personally, I think Tonto was a Navajo, and he was insulting the lone ranger for being ambushed (no pun intended) like an amateur. After all, The Lone Ranger was a member of the famed Texas Rangers. If Gabby Hayes had found him instead of Tonto, the phrase 'Lilly Livered,' or 'Dag nab it' might have become famous instead of *Kemo Sabe*."

"Are you done?"

"No, but I'm finished, Rob."

"Is that supposed to mean you think you got me?"

"Yep."

"I'm glad we got that straight."

"Yer durned tootin."

"So you think this is Part II?"

"Oh! I hope not!"

"Why not?"

"We haven't finished Part I."

"But you agree the war is over?"

"WW III? Yeah, we lost. Japan and Israel won WW III."

"Where is the Republic of China in all this?"

"Taiwan? The same place it's always been."

"What got into you?"



### When We Were Young – Chapter 13

"I'm getting old, the same as you are. This isn't 1961 when we were fresh out of the Army, you know. If we had a lick of sense, we'd get rid of the heavy rifles and switch to one of those Mattel toy guns. Or, are you lifting weights when I'm not looking?"

"I wish, Matt. It's tough dragging my behind out of a chair these days. The thing about it is, we have a lifetime of knowledge to share with the youngsters. You know how schools have gotten; about all it takes to graduate these days is the ability to sign your name. Someone said if you don't remember history, you're condemned to repeat it. The way I see it, we're starting over here and no matter what kind of society we build depends on the lessons we instill in our children and grandchildren."

"Where do we start?"

"We've already done the hard part, we taught them the 10 Commandments. Most of our laws are built on those, directly or indirectly. Now we have to make sure they understand the difference between kill and murder."

"Are you talking about the people in Sedona?"

"Them... and others. We can start right here and secure this section of land. Next year we'll have enough pork to supply the townsfolk with almost the average annual consumption of pork. In 2 or 3 years, we'll be able to do the same with beef. Don't underestimate those people, they aren't all bad. You noticed how when we couldn't meet their needs, they were out salvaging and came close to meeting their own needs without our help. We could stand to encourage those efforts and even share things we've salvaged but don't need."

"There's a name for people with your attitude. What is it? Altruistic?"

"I suppose. Altruism is an unselfish concern for the welfare of others; selflessness. In zoology, it refers to an instinctive cooperative behavior that is detrimental to the individual but contributes to the survival of the species."

"Does that go for everyone?"

"Everyone who isn't pointing a gun at me, yes."

"Where do we start?"

"We could resume the Thanksgiving and Christmas package program. Want to give it a try?"

"I'm almost afraid the list will include everyone in Sedona."

"We could give the food to the pastors and leave it to their discretion as to how the food is divided."

"Let's go see them and explain what we have in mind."

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I assume you know how ministers are, they refused to include anything that was stolen and anything associated with violence. Otherwise, they came together to form a Community Food Bank. They told us they would need about a month to get it set up and thereafter, we could deliver whatever we had for them to distribute. With everything on the trailers presorted, that was the easy part. The diet this year would be primarily vegetarian. In mid-October, we pulled in the first trailer load of food. Once it was unloaded, we went back to Flagstaff for a second load and before we were done, we provided 3 trailer loads of food and essentials. Nothing was stolen, it was simply reallocated.

How many times have we seen commercials on TV telling us courtesy is contagious? That was our underlying theme. When we sat down to a Thanksgiving Dinner, we didn't have any remorse over having food on the table. The dinner consisted of a home cured ham with all of the trimmings. We couldn't raise everything and turkeys weren't high on our list.

The dinner was most likely reminiscent of what our pioneering fathers ate. We had the last of the fresh garden vegetables which had been carefully preserved just for this occasion. We wouldn't see lettuce again until spring. We held the dinner in one of the classrooms that hadn't yet been set up as a medical storehouse.

"Are there any more classrooms in Flagstaff?"

"Do you have something in mind?"

"A Community Center. The fellas have a bar setup over in the office building but we don't really have any place where we can get together for events like this."

"That's a great idea Matt, Tom and I will make a run up to Flagstaff and see what we can find that would be suitable for the purpose. Do we want kitchen facilities?"

"About what you see in most church basements might be a good idea. Do you think we could salvage a jukebox and a popcorn popper?"

"I doubt the jukebox would be operating but we might be able to get a popper from a theatre, CDs from a music store and maybe some kitchen equipment. If we can't find a working TV, we'll take one of ours from the house and use it to play DVDs. I can't see where it makes a lot of sense duplicating what they have in the bar; we could try and make it more family oriented."

"Have any of our Marine friends said anything about wedding plans?"

"News like that generally comes from Gunny and he hasn't said anything. Want me to ask?"

"Not for now. If they plan to stay together we might drop a hint or two."

"I do have one question on the kitchen, is it just for special events or should we turn it into a cafeteria?"

"A coffee shop might make more sense than a fulltime cafeteria. If the wives want to do a communal lunch on the order of soup and sandwiches, stew or chili, that might be ok. I'll talk to Sarah and you run it by Sue."

"Let's keep the booze out of this place, that way we could hold a nondenominational service on Sundays."

"Ok. What do you think of the ham?"

"Is there something special about it? It's ham and it's good, what kind of compliment are you fishing for?"

"Miguel worked hard on getting it just right; you might want to compliment him."

"Who is on guard today?"

"The dogs. If you hear them setting up a clamor, you'd best respond gun in hand."

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"Do we need to look for anything more than what we discussed yesterday?"

"If you have time, check on the homes for Miguel's boys."

"Why don't Tom and I take them with us? It couldn't hurt to take extra firepower, just in case."

"They can check out those homes. We don't really need much so we'll just use a Hummer to pull a trailer. "

"You'll guard the home front?"

"Yeah, that will be easy, nothing ever happens here. Besides, who would be stupid enough to go up against a Bushmaster, an Mk 19 and a Ma Deuce?"

"Anyone who didn't know that we have them."

"Guess that lets the folks in Sedona out of the equation."

"Unless they've been doing some shopping of their own, it does."

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Timecheck: We're in the fall of 2009, harvest is finished and we have no idea who is running the country. We've given some thought to resuming the Thanksgiving and Christmas gift program for the 1,000 or so surviving residents in Sedona. Our group has increased by 12 adults, 6 Marines and 6 ladies from Sedona who like Marines more than they like being hungry. Miguel's boys are growing up and will soon want women companions, thus Rob is going to locate a couple of singlewides in Flagstaff. We've been lucky to get grass from most of the land, which has increased from 320 to 640 acres. Our garden was huge, ~ 9 acres, and we ended up turning to the destroyed shell of Flagstaff to find more jars and lids. We ended up emptying out much of the salvageable goods we found in Flagstaff.

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"I'm tired of referring to the two of you as Miguel's boys, tell me your names again and I'll write them down."

"Rob, you're getting old, the boys' names are Juan and Miguel," Tom laughed.

"Who is who?"

"The older is Miguel, Jr. and the younger is Juan."

"What kind of rifles did we give them, I forget?"

"FAL rifles."

"Can they shoot them?"

"Probably better than you can shoot a M1A."

"That's not saying much, the eyes are going."

"They can shoot every weapon we have and man a M1919A4 most of the time."

"They why are they carrying battle rifles instead of something like the M-15's we got from Armalite?"

"They only carry the little guns when their manning the machinegun. Those 2 boys are very proficient with their FAL rifles. What kind of weapon are you going to carry, if I may ask?"

"HK91, a M1911, a dozen M-67 grenades and 5 LAW rockets."

"What would you take if you were expecting trouble?"

"More ammo. Since we're all carrying 7.62x51mms, I only put in one spare case."

"How many cans for the Ma Deuce?"

"Ten."

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If I had been expecting trouble, I'd have put in a couple more cases of 7.62x51mm and a couple more cases of LAW rockets. As it was, we had around 1,000 rounds of 7.62x51mm in mags and one full reload. I didn't mention the M-79 thumper or the grenades I had for it, this was only supposed to be a shopping trip to get:

1 popcorn popper

Assorted CD's

Assorted DVD's

Big screen TV

CD player

DVD player

Locate Kitchen equipment

Select 2 singlewide homes for Miguel and Juan

Look for propane tanks and generators for the 2 new homes

I didn't take my Super Match because I had it all setup as an M21 rifle with a Nightforce NXS 8-32x56mm riflescope. The only difference between the Super Match and the M21 was a different stock. Tom didn't take his Tac-50, either, and was also carrying a HK91 and a USP Tactical. Each of us had an extra bandoleer full of loaded 20 round magazines. Those were homemade for us by Sue and Liz. The boys had 8 mags apiece plus a gym bag that I presumed held more loaded magazines. They didn't mention that they also had 12 M67s. I figured an hour to get there, 4-6 hours of shopping and an hour to get home. I dug out a case of MREs in case anyone got hungry.

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If you're going to set up a kitchen like what you'd find in a church basement, where would you look for equipment? We looked in a church basement, but didn't like what we found. I wanted a 6 burner Viking stove and we found one in a restaurant. We also located 2 of the 3-door, glass-door refrigerators and preparation tables. There were plenty

of plates and silverware there too. The theatre provided the popcorn popper, several bags of popcorn and pails of oil. We fired up a portable generator and tested until we found a big screen TV and DVD player that worked.

We did the same for the CD player and went for a pretty good set of speakers. We hit a couple of Video rental places and got a copy of every DVD they had, new if possible. They boys picked out a pair of relatively new singlewides for us to tow back to the ranch. We'd have to send a semi up to Flagstaff to haul the new items, the two trailers and the new portable classrooms. We found several new 3,300-gallon propane tanks and decided that we should haul them all home and that every house should have at least one tank, a reversal of our previous policy. We also concluded that every home should have a propane fueled standby generator, probably because there were several available. At \$4.50 a gallon, there was no way we could afford to pay for propane to fill all of the new tanks. However, we located an AmeriGas storage depot and a delivery truck.

"How did you make out?"

"Matt, we found everything on the list plus a few extras. We can put in a large propane tank for every home, a standby propane fueled generator and fill the tanks for free, all we have to do is transport the propane."

"Trying to make us a more inviting target?"

"Trying to provide for the future. You can run a home on the contents of a 3,300-gallon propane tank for years. If we put in automatic transfer switches, we'll never have a power outage. It also would give us more than enough time to locate more supplies. We found a restaurant with the six burner Viking stove I wanted and the large refrigerators. Did you have any visitors?"

"Nope. The people in Sedona know better and anyone else would have to go through Sedona to get here."

"We're going to have to get those 2 trailers in for the boys, muy pronto. There were 3 classrooms, we could take all 3 and use one for storage, one for recreation and one for a dining room."

"That means moving a fence."

"I know, but there are ample supplies of chain link fencing and poles available in Flagstaff. I thought if we could move the back fence about 100 meters and fill in the sides, we have room to grow."

"Why don't we move it far enough back to enclose the garden?"

"If you want, sure, why not? It will also give us a larger feed lot inside the fence."

"Have you thought about how much pig manure we're going to have this coming year?"

"No, what about it?"

"If we spread all of that manure on the rest of the ranch, and rototill it in, we ought to be able to grow anything."

"We don't have enough water."

"Could we drill another well?"

"We could if we could find someone to do it. I don't believe we'd want to go over 6", the aquifer wouldn't refresh anything larger adequately."

"Do you want to put in a tank to hold the water from the second well?"

"I would if we could find one."

"I'll talk to Gunny about that, he'll find one for us. He and those Marines haven't done much to earn their keep."

"Sure they have, they've been here and helped out quite a bit. Plus we have their new wives to help with the garden."

"I don't remember any weddings."

"That's because there isn't any government to issue licenses. When a man and woman live together as man and wife, I aim to treat them as married, regardless."

"What if they claim they aren't married?"

"Then, they won't have to get a divorce if one of them moves out. Apply the KISS principle."

"I would except if one of the women were to leave, they could tell the folks in Sedona what we have. That would compromise our security."

"Do you have a solution?"

"I do. Do you remember the song by the Eagles, *Hotel California*?"

"I remember the song, what about it?"

*We are programmed to receive, you can check out anytime you like, but you can never leave.*

"You explain that to them, I'm not getting involved."

o

*Hotel California* was the title song from Eagles' album of the same name, and was released as a single at the end of 1976. It is one of the best-known songs of the Album Oriented Rock era.

The lyrics of the song describe the title establishment, a hotel where "you can check out anytime you like, but you can never leave". On the surface, the song is a tale of a weary traveler who becomes trapped in a nightmarish hotel that at first appeared tempting; as a metaphor the song may be commenting on drug addiction or simply the decadent lifestyle the hugely successful band had been caught up in.

The original version of the song is performed in a blend of slow rock/reggae stylings, opening with a long, repeated 12-string guitar motif. During the verses, guitar and bass provide melodic counterpoint to the vocal. The end section of the song consists of a series of guitar solos building to a multi-layered variation on the opening theme with multiple guitars in chorus. The song is also well known for its guitar solos, which are performed by both Joe Walsh and Don Felder.

Writing credits for the song are shared by the group's three main songwriters: Don Henley, Glenn Frey and Don Felder. On the original album it states "copyright in dispute". The Copyright Office has verified that a compulsory license was used and there is underlying music used, this means that the song cannot be played on jukeboxes, in marching bands, in karaoke, in stage productions. The amount of underlying music used and original source remain a mystery of rock with great speculation.

*Hotel California* won the Grammy Award for Record of the Year in 1978. It is rated by many polls to be one of the greatest songs of all time: Rolling Stone magazine states it is the forty-ninth greatest song of all time.

If your song didn't make the list, discuss it with Rolling Stone, some of my favorites didn't, either. However, there were included in the Albums that made Rolling Stone's Top 500 Albums list. The beauty of those lists was that they gave us a shopping list and highlighted music for young and old alike. Some of them were out of print, but we found the songs in Album Collections. Roy Orbison was hot while I was in the Army and I liked his music. So was Patsy Cline, this was before the plane crash. I regret to tell you that not all of that old Country Western music had made it to DVDs.

We brought in all of the things we needed and started by installing the trailers for Miguel and Juan. The next task was to extend the chain link fence so we had room to assemble the classrooms that were to be the dining room/kitchen, recreation room and meeting room. There was more than enough work to do, installing and filling the 3,300-gallon propane tanks with 3,000 gallons of propane, installing the propane fueled generators



and transfer switches. Putting in utilities for the 3 classrooms and 2 trailers. Rob marveled at foresight of Paul the architect.

The subject of a new 6" well came up and we located the man who put in the first well way back when. He suggested we put the second well in the adjoining 320 acres and a large enough water tank that we could store water for the fields. That 8N ford tractor was getting a workout spreading the manure. While the tractor wasn't really heavy enough for a rototiller, we found one and mounted it using the 3-point hitch. It took 2 passes to get the manure blended in and then a third pass to reseed the grass blend. It was far warmer the winter of 2009-2010 and the grass came up enough to give us hope.

We put in the posts for the new chain link fence without removing the old fence. There weren't any gates through the new fence allowing access to the 9+ acre garden. We even added stand offs and razor wire at the top. The stuff will cut the chit out of your hands if you're not careful. Doc was kept busy tending to minor and a few more serious cuts.

Miguel spread and rototilled the garden, preparing it for spring planting. We started sets and nearly every window of every home looked like a small garden. We really needed a greenhouse; those in Flagstaff didn't have enough intact glass to make it a worthwhile endeavor. This coming year, the garden would be close to the same size, perhaps a few square feet larger. Those Thanksgiving and Christmas boxes had been good sized, limited only in the amount of meat we could include.

We found a large tractor in Flagstaff and a baler it could pull to bale the hay. We also transferred grain for livestock feed, a pig wasn't 100% efficient and it took more than a pound of grain to produce a pound of meat. We had an average litter of 11 pigs, giving us 330 pigs, which translated into 300 marketable hogs come early fall. Our 10 cows produced 6 heifers and 4 bulls giving us one beef to include with the 300 hogs. Because we had no means to extract canola oil, we didn't try. We nevertheless replaced most of the hay we used and had it stacked 4 layers deep all around the barn.

Livestock feed was created using grain and bags of supplements all run through a standard hammer mill driven by the Ford's PTO. If we could get that soil rich enough to grow canola, we could produce 38,000 gallons of canola oil we could convert into bio-diesel. The principal aim, however, was to produce the canola meal to feed the livestock. This coming winter, we'd need to start using up our vegetable oil so we'd have a tank to store it in. To do that, we needed to convert some of the corn to anhydrous alcohol, a 3 stage process.

The first distillation is called low wine, the second is high wine (drinking liquor) and the third pure anhydrous alcohol. We saved a few jugs of the high wine, in hopes of finding a new white oak barrel we could char to produce bourbon. In that form the alcohol would yield up to \$30-\$40 a gallon if we got a good batch. Anhydrous wasn't drinkable,

it used benzene to eliminate the last 5% of the water. If that computer's HDD drive ever crashed, we'd be in big trouble.

o

"How much longer on the new fence?"

"However long it takes to install the razor wire Rob, the fence is in."

"What about Miguel and Juan trailer's?"

"They're installed and the propane tanks and utilities are connected. Once we grade a space for the classrooms, we begin on that project."

"Are we going to get it done by harvest time?"

"Well ahead of that, no problem. I think we should butcher the hogs ourselves and sell them carcasses. That would give us leather to tan all winter long."

"How long to butcher the hogs?"

"Two weeks and that will include the beef. Once we've sold all the meat to the people in Sedona, we'll go ahead and butcher ours. I figure about 10 people per beef and if we butcher the other 3 for us plus 18 hogs, we'll have meat for a year."

"Did you agree on a price? I really think we should get \$1.50 a pound for the pork and about \$2 a pound for the beef."

"Fine, that's the price. We have lots of garden produce, and many of them have gardens, I doubt we do as well on the vegetables as we did last year."

What did you plant the extra garden land in?"

"Potatoes. We'll have about 2½ tons of extra spuds to sell. We have extra jars but it doesn't make sense to can more than we eat. Those folks are buying up all of it anyway. They have some electricity available now, principally from gas fueled generators. Near as I can figure, they've been to Flagstaff too or the Guard provided them some."

"How well are they armed?"

"95% of their weapons are small arms. I saw some ARs with M203's but I don't know whether they have grenades or not."

"We'd better assume they do. Anything else?"

"Not that I could see. Miguel's boys hooked up with a couple of real beauties in Sedona. I don't think it will be too long before the girls move to the ranch. All properly married of course."

"I told Matt I'd talk to the Marines and their ladies about the same thing, but I've been busy."

"Gunny, are all of you satisfied with you choice of partners?"

"I guess so, how is that your business, Rob?"

"I'm thinking about the children and the example having 6 unmarried families sets. You can't get legally married without licenses, but you could hold ceremonies. Matt and I would feel better about it if you did."

"You're the Captain of this ship; couldn't you perform some sort of ceremony?"

"That only applies when the ship is on the high seas. We could get one of the ministers from Sedona to perform the ceremony. I'll even go the price of some plain wedding bands."

"I'll give you a tentative yes, but I'll have to talk to the guys."

"Ok, I try to arrange for a mass ceremony. I'll send Tom to Sedona and get a jeweler to bring out an assortment of wedding bands. We can plan on Saturday, unless I hear different."

It seemed like a good idea since all 6 of the women were pregnant and this way the kids could take the Marine's last names. Plus there wasn't any legal authority to say it wasn't legal. That and the fact that Rob's Roost was Hotel California once you'd been shown all of our secrets. Most of the time, I just paid the Marines with a quarter ounce Gold Eagle because there weren't enough silver coins to go around. They didn't have anything to spend money on anyway, if they needed or wanted something, there was always Flagstaff if we didn't already have it.

It had been ~2 years since the end of civilization as we knew it and we hadn't been attacked, not even threatened, unless you count those 6 men who never stood a chance. They had to be gathering somewhere, prepared to sweep the country and take whatever there was to get. Gunny had sent 2 scouts to Barstow to check on the situation there and the place had been cleanout out and even the fuel was missing. Maybe it was time to think about planting canola and corn.

When I was a kid, most of the farmers used a 2 row mounted corn picker, there weren't many self-propelled combines in the early 50s. We'd either need a self-propelled combine with the additional corn head or two implements, a combine and a corn picker. On top of that, we'd need a couple of wagons to haul the grain in from the field. We only

had one silo, it was for storing corn, but maybe we should find something else for corn and store the canola beans in the silo. I'd tell Tom and he could get Miguel on solving that problem, we had plenty of time.

o

I had been thinking around \$1.50 a pound live weight.  $(250 \times 1.5) \div 125 = \$2.70$  a pound or ~\$340 per hog. We gave them a break and only charged them \$300 per hog and we got the leather. The beef carcass went closer to 900 pounds and we let them have it for 1½ ounces of gold. 312 hogs at \$300 each rounds off to about 75 ounces of gold, which strangely, they had. Altogether, we took in 96 ounces for a summer of work. We still had to butcher our hogs and beef, but it wouldn't take long to cut and package 18 hogs and 3 steers.

That also ended our Thanksgiving and Christmas basket program. We weren't the only people at the farmer's market they were running and they had some of about everything from homemade jams and jellies to home baked bread. Anyway, we got a preacher to perform the mass wedding and I popped for a dozen wedding bands. I thought it over and bought 4 more; there was Miguel and Juan to consider. They'd been sneaking off to Sedona lately; we expected them to show up with a bride one of these days.

o

"You interested in selling the leather you got from the cattle and hogs?"

"Might be, did you have an offer in mind?"

"I'll give you \$30 a hide. Plus, I'll tan your beef leather for no charge and return it to you."

"What's that in gold?"

"I'll give you 7½ ounces."

"And you tan our pig skins and cattle skins?"

"That's the deal. I can't pay more and that's a fair pile of hides to tan."

"If you'll do our hides first, you have a deal."

"Do you want them split or full thickness?"

"What's the difference?"

"You use full grain for saddles and the like; split leather is used to make clothing, shoes and most everything else. However, if you make clothing out of full grain leather, it will last forever."

"We take the full grain. What do we use the pigskin for?"

"Gloves, briefcases, etc. It's fairly thin. If you'd rather, we can do some trading. I have saddles and tack that I rather trade for the hides. I also have leather work gloves and pigskin dress gloves."

"Do you have any rifle scabbards?"

"One per saddle. I'll tell you what, I'll give you 6 saddles with all the tack, 2 scabbards and a pair of saddle bags per saddle plus you get 3 tanned full grain leather skins in exchange for the entire lot of pig skins."

"Is that a fair deal?"

"Close to fair, do you know how to make saddles?"

"Nope."

"Then I'd say it's more than fair."

I took the deal for several reasons, the hides were using up much needed storage space and the guy had a reputation for building quality saddles. I wanted 2 scabbards for every horse, one to carry a shotgun and the other to carry a rifle. I sort of figured we could get a sewing machine for leather from one of the shoe shops in Flagstaff. We needed to make sets of chaps. The saddles were for later delivery, you have to fit the saddle to the horse and ours weren't old enough for the saddles, just yet. By the time it was all said and done, I'd given him a gold Eagle to get saddle bags and more scabbards.

The leather maker used a vegetable tanning process and told us it would take a while to get our hides back to us. A few years back, I'd seen a TV show on the History Channel about leather tanning, thus knew what he was talking about. It would probably be a couple of months.

o

We'd burned through our share of ammo, on the range. The only time we'd had to defend ourselves was earlier, against those 6 'desperados'. Matt had several thousand primers and powder equivalent to what the military used in its ammo. He bought it by the 8# barrel and kept the ammo reloaded, just in case. I ended up making the ethanol through the second wine. I figured it was about 60%, good stuff. All I needed to make

bourbon was the barrel, meanwhile, we had some potent Vodka, for medicinal purposes of course.

I also believe that there isn't any difference between a farmer and a rancher; it depends on what part of the country you're from what you get called. If you raise grain and hay, you're a farmer and if you raise livestock, you're a rancher. What do they call you when circumstances force you to raise both? A Rarmer or a Fancher? I just went by Rob.

We located a screw auger that was used to separate the oil from the beans and determined that it was the halfway solution, more efficient than simple pressing the canola and less efficient than removing the oil with a solvent. Since it was all we could find, it would do admirably. Oft hand, I'd say we were lucky to find that. We wanted the oil to be as pure as possible so it was filtered several times.

"Thank you for providing trailers for Miguel and Juan. How much do you intend to pay them?"

"What's fair?"

"They're worth at least as much as the Marines to you, possibly more."

"Matt and I pay the Marines \$300 a month plus food and shelter."

"You pay me much more than that."

"We pay you more because of what you know. We'd be in trouble without you."

"Well, I don't want you to feel like you're being blackmailed, but the boys are worth every penny of \$450 a month. They should also own their horses free and clear."

"Anything else?"

"Weapons. You've given them FAL rifles and USP Tactical pistols, but they'd like to have lever action rifles and shotguns."

"You know where the weapons are, help yourself. I'm willing to pay Miguel and Juan up to \$625 a month, eventually, however I don't really want to go over \$450 a month to start. I bought them rings, assuming they'd eventually marry. What do they want for weapons?"

"Marlin rifles in .45-70 caliber and SAA revolvers, either Ruger or Berettas."

"We picked up Marlin rifles in Flagstaff, so we now have the Marlin rifles and I think some of those may be .45-70s. The only difference between the big bore models and the cowboy models is the magazine capacity."

"Right, they want the 9 round models."

"What length barrels on their Single actions?"

"I have no idea."

"Single gun or doubles?"

"They like the rig you have."

"Ok, the Kirkpatrick Laredoan crossdraw rigs with 7½" and a 4⅝" Ruger original Vaqueros in .45 Colt? Sorry, all I have is plain black, no Conchos."

"That will be fine with them."

"How much back pay are they looking for?"

"One year."

"Do you think they'll settle for the guns, a pair of horses and 4 ounces of gold?"

"Four horses each, they'll need something for their wives. Otherwise, you have a deal."

"Would two work horses and 2 saddle horses be ok?"

"I think so. Thank you very much."

"There's a condition."

"What would that be?"

"They can't tell the Marines how much I'm paying them. If they do, I'll have to cut their pay to the same as I'm paying the Marines."

"Ok, deal."

o

"Miguel all but held me up."

"Yeah, he came to me but I told him to talk to you. What did you end up giving?"

"4 horses apiece, 2 Laredoan crossdraw rigs with 7½" and a 4⅝" Ruger original Vaqueros, 2 Marlin Cowboy 45-70s and \$450 a month plus one year's back pay."

"Now you need to give the Marines a pay raise."

"Oh alright. I suppose since they're married, I should do something."

"If you don't, you could be sorry. Besides, considering what you held the people in Sedona up for when you sold the meat, the corporation can afford it."

"Next time remind me not to be nice."

"One other thing, you're paying Gunny the same as the rest of the troops. I'd suggest you give him the same as you give Miguel. You wouldn't want the head of our security force feeling he wasn't appreciated."

Maybe I should pay Gunny more, the area around the buildings was well fortified and the only time we had to leave the compound was to work in the fields. This coming spring, we'd try the canola and corn. We'd accumulated a large pile of manure and had enough to spread on the entire ranch. The second well had gone in easily enough and it went into the same deep aquifer. There was enough distance between the 2 wells to ensure neither would reduce the water available to the other. We didn't have a large water tank, it only held 25,000-gallons; it was the largest tank we could find. If we kept it full, we might have enough water to put out a fire.

"Gunny, I've been visiting with Matt and we've decided to give your Marines a pay raise to \$450 a month. Because you're in charge of security, your pay will be raised to \$625 a month."

"We haven't earned the money you've paid us so far."

"Sure you have. The compound is as secure as we can make it. The garden and dry lot are inside rather than outside of the compound. Frankly, I've been uneasy about the people in Sedona since we came out of the shelter. For the present, we've sold them all of the food we can spare and many of them have grown gardens. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if they raided us and tried to get our breeding stock."

"I'll tell you one thing; it's easier talking about living through WW III than it is doing it. Before the war, you don't really know what to expect. You could, for example, be in a place where a weapon vaporizes you in an instant. If you survive that, the next step becomes surviving the fallout. That was easy for us, we were at sea. Then comes the surviving part and we were lucky that we ran into you folks. We were just 6 ex-Marines who put together a little equipment but couldn't do much good. You provided us an operating base and we done good both for you and the folks in Sedona. I wouldn't get too excited about those folks; they're just doing what it takes to get by. There is no way that they would go up against what you/we have."

"What if they got a few tanks?"



"Don't start that, what if we had 155mm artillery or a bunch of anti-tank mines? Where would they go from there? It's like paper, scissors, stone – there really isn't a winner; paper wraps stone, stone breaks scissors and scissors cut paper."

"What would you be worried about?"

"There are less than 1,100 people in the Sedona area. I'd be worried about an outside group that was both larger and better armed. I'm not sure how we would deal with that situation."

"What could we do to anticipate such an attack?"

"You can't anticipate it, it happens when it happens. What we could do is put together a plan to deal with a force like that arriving in the area."

"What would it take?"

"A Brigade sized force. Yeah, yeah, I know it's an Army concept. The largest Marine unit is a MEF, then a Division, then a Regiment, then a Company and finally a Platoon. The advantage of a Brigade is that the commander has all elements under one command. After that we play the game like insurgents, totally unconventional. We've been up against unconventional armies twice, Vietnam and Iraq, need I say more?"

"You left out the Taliban."

"We kicked ass and took names in Afghanistan."

"Stay on subject."

"You might think in terms of several Militia Units, each operating independently but accountable to a central authority. Each unit is task oriented and the tasks may not seem related. Only a few men at the top know the relationships between the units. It's not unlike the cell structure that terrorists use. The organizational structure of covert cells is intended to limit the harm that can be done if members are captured and interrogated. Most members will only know the identities of other people in their own cell; only the leader of a cell will know the identities of leaders of other cells and communicate with them. By keeping cell size small, captives or double agents will have a very limited knowledge of the organization as a whole. This approach, also known as compartmentalization, seeks to protect the larger organization from being compromised. By dividing the organization into many smaller groups, each of which is compartmentalized and only knows what it needs to know for its individual tasks, the damage that can be caused by outside penetration can be greatly reduced. Other cells can continue to operate independently."

"It sounds like it might work."

"A cellular model of organization was used by many covert organizations in the 20<sup>th</sup> century, ranging from the French Resistance in WW II, to the Vietcong, the Provisional IRA, Al Qaeda and the Iraqi Insurgency. Organized crime groups, such as drug smuggling networks, also use similar methods."

"So instead of taking them head on, we take a bite here and there?"

"Precisely. It has to be organized well in advance and some training provided. After that, each unit is on its own, taking orders from a central source."

"Let's get together with Matt, Tom and the others and discuss this further."

"Anytime, and thanks for the raise."

o

Two nights later we got together and hashed it out. We'd form one Militia unit and the folks in town could organize several. The key to making this work would be who we put in command. Rome, at one time, was ruled by a Triumvirate, the first being an alliance among Gaius Julius Caesar, Marcus Licinius Crassus, and Gnaeus Pompeius Magnus. The second was among Gaius Julius Ceaser Octaviaus ("Octavian", later "Caesar Augustus"), Marcus Aemilius Lepidus, and Mark Antony. The First Triumvirate had no official status whatsoever – it's overwhelming power in the Roman state was strictly unofficial influence – and was in fact kept secret for some time as part of the political machinations of the Triumviri themselves. the Second Triumvirate was an official (if extra constitutional) organization , whose overwhelming power in the Roman state was given full legal sanction and whose imperium maius outranked that of all other magistrates, including the consuls.

Logic dictated that the managing group had to be an odd number to eliminate tie decisions, Gunny for our side and someone from town. That left a third position to be filled and it had to be someone with no particular allegiance to either group. We concluded that the next step was to meet with the townsfolk and propose the idea. The real issue, that we overlooked, was that the 6 Marines could be one unit, we the second and the third through the umpteenth could be from town. In that case, Tom could represent us, Gunny the Marines and someone in town the local militia units. The old saying, once a Marine always a Marine is what made that work, Marine Corps veterans wanted to join Gunny's group.

We had 2 old vets, a foreman, 12 'children' and the 2 Ruiz boys. We were an oversized Squad. Nothing prevented the members of the Leadership from participating in individual operations. For sake of simplicity, each unit had about 20 members. Sue, Sarah and Maria would remain behind to maintain communications, etc.

It turned out there were various kinds of covert cells:

A sleeper cell is a cell of sleeper agents that belongs to a large terrorist organization. The cell "sleeps" (lies dormant) inside a population until it decides to act. Sleeper cells have risk assessment levels ranging from Low to Urgent and may or may not act on its own, collectively as a hive mind, or under instruction and when directed, can be directed at a local, regional, national or international level.

Low Risk cells would be disorganized, untrained, unsupported, disaffected individuals with no special skills, no special knowledge, no access and no training but some open source information collection and discussion interests that might lead to collective action. Appropriate surveillance might include data mining and filters.

Medium Risk cells would be semi-organized, paramilitary or military trained, peer supported, disaffected or criminal groups or gangs with some special skills, some special knowledge, some ability to gain access, some training and some covert source collection abilities plus a history of protesting or demonstrating against presumed grievances and or, vandalism and or petty crime which may result in some prison gang contact with radical or extremist ideologies. Appropriate surveillance might include data mining and behavioral analysis.

High Risk cells would be organized, military trained, funded and supported, ideological groups with special skills, special knowledge, opportunistic access, training, covert source collection abilities plus no history of protesting or demonstrating against presumed grievances. Appropriate surveillance might include total information awareness, communications and control surveillance and disruption, covert observation and preemptive strike preparedness.

Urgent Risk cells would be self-actualizing, covert military, well-funded and supported, non-ideological groups with a wide range of special skills, special knowledge, virtually unlimited inside access, elite training, sophisticated covert source collection abilities including counter surveillance skills, plus no history, or record of presence. An appropriate level of surveillance is impossible.

The Marine unit would be an example of an urgent risk cell, our group and a few in town would be high risk cells and the less better trained townspeople the medium risk cells. The other people would all be considered as low risk cells or information gatherers.

o

Each group would be responsible for their own training beyond things like communication protocols, etc. All were welcome to use our range. Putting it together had gone better than I thought it would, it seems the townspeople had the same worries as we did. They'd heard rumors of roving gangs, probably started by someone there in Sedona. They didn't form several small militia units but one large unit that was divided along the lines of Army units.

The Sedona Militia was roughly a Battalion, consisting of 3 Companies. They'd been to Navajo Depot several times and were equipped as one might expect, Infantry with weapons Platoons consisting either of Mortars or Machineguns. Their head man was a graduate of West Point who had gotten out after he'd served his 5 years. That had been a while back, in the '70s, and he'd gone on to do well in business and retired early to Sedona.

Most people in Sedona had never heard of Captain Ray Johnson, but he had money and the power that went with it. He had only stepped forward when the community had seemed to lack leadership entirely. I'd met his wife before; she was one of our regular customers, in both shops. I pulled a copy of our records, just to check, and that family had 4 M16A4s with M4-FAs, 4 HK91s with FA762S, 1 Browning Hi-Power and 3 Springfield Armory XD 45s. I know for a fact we'd sold them about 5,000-rounds of ammo for every rifle and 1,000-rounds for each handgun, in a single purchase. They must have spent time on the range; they'd occasionally buy another case of something. At least they had until we'd closed up shop. Matt had adapted the FA flashhiders to work on the HK91s.

It turned out that our prominent citizen had a few things that couldn't be purchased in any gun store I knew of, like the SOPMOD kits on the A4s. They didn't have the shorty M-203, but standard issue. He'd replaced the barrels on those 4 handguns and the barrel was longer and threaded. They must have bought the suppressors from another dealer.

"You have quite the arsenal Ray; we sold you quite a few guns."

"Rob, you don't know the half of it, I spread my purchases around. Marylou bought weapons from you and I bought weapons in Phoenix."

"What kind of business did you have that was so successful you could retire in your early 50s; if I may so bold to ask?"

"I can't give you the details, but I'm a nuclear engineer. We only had one customer; you should be able to put it together from that, right?"

"Weapons?"

"One patented component."

"Something you figured out while you were in the Army?"

"That's where I got the idea, but it took a while to perfect. I waited until I got out lest the government assert it was a work for hire."

## When We Were Young – Chapter 14

"And you got rich building them for the government, right?"

"Not exactly. I got rich selling the patent to a major armament company. After, I piddled around looking for my next great invention and when we were getting close, sold the company to General Dynamics. I played the gold and silver markets for quite a while; I seemed to have a 6<sup>th</sup> sense when it came to buying and selling. I understand you have quite a bit of gold and silver."

"We have a little. Frankly, Sue and I were more into preparedness and it ate up a fair share of our funds."

"What kind of shelter do you have? We bought ours from Utah Shelter Systems."

"Our shelter went in before they were in business. We had to get the Andair equipment directly from the Swiss. I hired an architect to design it and the auxiliary systems. It ran around \$60 grand when \$60 grand was a huge sum of money. We kept adding on, Matt put in a storage shelter and we added a barn. We have fuel tanks buried all over the housing area."

"I understand you have a LAV and 3 Hummer's."

"Yes, they're M1114s and 2 have a .50 caliber and the 3<sup>rd</sup> has an Mk 19. The LAV is a Marine Corps LAV-25."

"Marylou and I each have a 2006 H1 Hummer Alpha and the boys both have H2s. They're strictly civilian vehicles but they have every option available."

"How large is your shelter?"

"It has 2 10'x50' sections connected by a third 10'x50' section, in a U pattern. I had planned on adding the fourth section, but the war came. It has a 30kw generator powered by propane, regular toilets instead of the chemical toilets and is actually quite comfortable. Both Marylou and I got Technician class licenses and we have a complete radio shack. We have a 4" deep well, water and fuel tanks and a 10-year supply of food for 4 from Walton Feed. None of the folks in Sedona know what we have and I'd really appreciate it if you didn't mention it to anyone."

"Would you like a tour of what we have? Once you see, we'll have each other over the barrel so to speak."

"Thank you, I would like to see what you have set up."

o

"How long did you shelter in place?"

"Nine weeks. I tried to make the younger people sleep in the shelter at night, but that didn't last long."

"I thought you got out of the firearms business."

"We did, the corporation was one of our best customers, especially in the end. We have a fair number of people here these days and between what we got when Matt and I bought Dave out and what we salvaged from Flagstaff, we'll never run out of weapons."

"What do you favor?"

"My Springfield Armory Super Match and the HK91. We have an assortment of handguns, XD .45s, USP Tactical's and even a few Kimber Custom II Tactical's. I don't much care for the 5.56 to be totally honest."

"It has advantages."

"I know, but you almost need the extra ammo to make up for the lack of power."

"I suppose. This is quite the underground facility you have."

"As I told you, it predated USS getting into business. We don't have much free space with all of the food, weapons and necessities we have stored."

"The only thing I see wrong with your security is your chain link fence."

"What's wrong with that? We topped it with razor wire and we nearly bled to death putting it in."

"As far as it goes, there's nothing wrong with it. However, if you had enough posts and fencing, I'd advise two layers of fence about 20' apart with an electrified fence in between. You've surely seen them; they're what most prisons use these days."

"Hmm, that's an interesting idea, but how would we generate the necessary voltage for the electric fence?"

"Step up transformers. You'd probably need to run a separate 150kw generator so you had enough current at 10,000 volts. The equipment wouldn't be hard to find, use a step down transformer in reverse."

"This place already feels like a prison as it is. As you know, keeping others out is about the same as keeping yourself in."

"It was just a thought, you do what you want."

"Ray seems to think that we should put in another chain link fence and add an electric fence in between."

"San Rob's Roost?"

"Oh, San Quentin? I told him it already seemed like a prison. He said we could use step down transformers to step up the voltage to electrify the fence. What troubles me is what an opponent might use against us. If they had large weapons, an electric fence wouldn't keep them out," I suggested.

"What kind of large weapons?"

"Tanks or even artillery. If an opponent had either, they could easily take out an electric fence. If it came to that, I'd rather bug out then stay here. No one should be able to find the entrances to the shelters without the garage door openers."

"We can't fit everyone into 3 Hummers and 1 LAV-25."

"I didn't plan on trying to do that. We'd take our weapons systems, of course, but we'd need fuel and food. I was thinking of perhaps herding the horses into a remuda and taking them along. Let's face it, there are places we can go on horseback that the vehicles could never handle."

"Rob, you're determined to play cowboy and Indians aren't you?" Matt chuckled.

"Not necessarily, but there are a lot of Indians in Arizona. We're not that far from the Navajo Reservation and with the proper inducement, we might be able to persuade them to let us stay there."

"What? Weapons and ammo or food?"

"We seem to have plenty of both, so whatever they want."

"Who are you going to get to go to the Res?"

"Tom and Liz, or maybe even Pete and Julia. Does it matter who we send?"

"Not as long as you don't send the twins."

"Why not them?"

"They don't like Indians. Sarah and Rachel both dated the same Navajo at different times. Apparently there were cultural differences that caused problems. According to the girls, he treated them like Squaws. That was bad, apparently, because Native Amer-

icans object to the term Squaw. Even Oprah had a campaign to take the word Squaw out of the names of places."

"Wait, I'll write that down, it could be a Trivial Pursuit question," I grinned. "Never mind, I won't send them."

"Are you sure we're not biting off a bigger chaw than we can chew? We aren't SEAL Team 6 or Special Forces Operational Team Delta."

"What do you mean?"

"Excluding Gunny's group, we only number 17, including Tom. We have 4 vehicles and all require a crew of 3. If we put 4 people in each Hummer, that leaves 5 for the LAV and herding the remuda. Either we get some help or we're screwed."

"How many people do you think we need?"

"At least 6 more, preferably veterans who don't require training. We can equip them with anything they need, but I can't see pulling it off with less than 6 more people."

"Would 3 couples do?"

"That would depend upon the couple. If both are capable like our kids are, 3 couples might be enough. You could talk to Ray and see if he could recommend someone."

It was a very good suggestion, if anyone in Sedona knew who might be the type of couples we wanted, Ray or Marylou Johnson should know who they were. Ray had assembled a personal staff to coordinate the needs of his 500-some people. He had: personnel S-1, intelligence S-2, operations S-3, logistics S-4, civil affairs S-5 and C<sup>3</sup> S-6. There was no need to duplicate staffs; one was enough to handle all 3 units since our operations were more or less coordinated.

"Three couples?"

"Matt and I discussed it and we're about 6 people short if we have to bug out. Sue, Sarah and Maria would be tied up with the small children and unavailable. If we put 4 people in each Hummer, that only leaves 5 to staff the LAV and move the things we need to take with us."

"Why couples?"

"That was my idea, if you have couples; it cuts the number of dwellings and creates 3 2-person teams."

"What age group?"



"Our kids are in their late 20's and early 30's. If we could get people in the same age group, it would help."

"Did you count Tom's parents into the equation?"

"They're our age so I thought Tom could work with Matt and I and Ruth can help our wives with the kids."

"But you didn't count on them for anything in particular?"

"Tom could maybe drive a Hummer, that's about all the three of us are good for. Anyway, that's the best use of our resources."

"I'll check with my staff, but I have some people in mind, let me talk to them first. You're offering housing and food, anything else?"

"Weapons as a starter. We have almost anything they could want. We have plenty of food, we feed ourselves before we feed the town. We can get singlewide or doublewide homes from Flagstaff. They'd be used, but good used and all utilities are included. Every home has a standby generator, everything runs on propane or electricity and we have 2 wells. We have horses for everyone to ride. I can't think of anything else."

"Well, there's your shelter."

"You can probably think of the things I can't Ray, you've seen our entire operation."

"Ok, I call you when I have some names and you can talk to them to see if you think they will fit in."

"Thanks, we appreciate that."

"Matt. We'd better start running utilities. Ray has his staff finding us 3 couples."

"Do you know what they want for homes?"

"I have no idea, plan on doublewides and if they go with singlewides, they'll have more desert to rake. He said he might know some people, so I suppose we'd better hurry."

"You realize that if we hadn't expanded the compound we'd be stacking the houses, don't you?"

"Just be happy I didn't want to go with the electric fence."

"We can run, BUT, can we hide?"

"I can't even run anymore, however, I know what you mean. Running assumes we aren't surrounded. If that happens, we always have the shelter. This new arrangement is looking good; Gunny's unit is about Platoon strength and Ray has about 3 Companies. There aren't that many roads into this area and we're only the front line if they come in from Flagstaff."

o

After 30+ years of preparations, we were still preparing only this time we were preparing to Bug Out if the going got tough. That night I dreamed and in the dream, saw the writing on the wall: MENE, MENE, TEKEL, and PARSIN. It was from the Old Testament, the Book of Daniel chapter 5 verse 25. The last 6 chapters were considered Apocryphal. Some portions of the Book were omitted from Protestant and Jewish Bibles. To get the whole story, you need the Catholic Bible. Careful as I was about things like this, I had one of everything, Christian Bible, Catholic Bible and even the Book of Mormon, just in case. However, I didn't have a Quran.

*Heard of a van that is loaded with weapons  
packed up and ready to go  
Heard of some gravesites, out by the highway  
a place where nobody knows  
The sound of gunfire, off in the distance  
I'm getting used to it now  
Lived in a brownstone, lived in the ghetto  
I've lived all over this town*

*This ain't no party, this ain't no disco  
this ain't no fooling around  
No time for dancing, or lovey dovey  
I ain't got time for that now*

*Transmit the message, to the receiver  
hope for an answer someday  
I got three passports, couple of visas  
don't even know my real name  
High on a hillside, trucks are loading  
everything's ready to roll  
I sleep in the daytime, I work in the nighttime  
I might not ever get home*

*This ain't no party, this ain't no disco  
this ain't no fooling around  
This ain't no mudd club, or C. B. G. B.  
I ain't got time for that now*

*Trouble in transit, got through the roadblock  
we blended in with the crowd  
We got computers, we're tapping phone lines  
I know that ain't allowed  
We dress like students, we dress like housewives  
or in a suit and a tie  
I changed my hairstyle so many times now  
don't know what I look like!*

*You make me shiver, I feel so tender  
we make a pretty good team  
Don't get exhausted, I'll do some driving  
you ought to get you some sleep*

*Get you instructions, follow directions  
then you should change your address  
Maybe tomorrow, maybe the next day  
whatever you think is best  
Burned all my notebooks, what good are notebooks?  
They won't help me survive  
My chest is aching, burns like a furnace  
the burning keeps me alive  
Life During Wartime – Talking Heads*

And remember kids, "You may not be interested in war, but war is interested in you." –  
Leon Trotsky

o

*The eastern world it tis explodin',  
violence flarin', bullets loadin',  
you're old enough to kill but not for votin',  
you don't believe in war, but what's that gun you're totin',  
and even the Jordan river has bodies floatin',  
but you tell me over and over and over again my friend,  
ah, you don't believe we're on the eve of destruction.*

*Don't you understand, what I'm trying to say?  
And Can't you feel the fear that I'm feeling today?  
If the button is pushed, there's no running away,  
There'll be no one to save with the world in a grave,  
take a look around you, boy, it's bound to scare you, boy,  
but you tell me over and over and over again my friend,  
ah, you don't believe we're on the eve of destruction.*

*Yeah, my blood's so mad, feels like coagulatin',*

*I'm sittin' here, just contemplatin',  
I can't twist the truth, it knows no regulation,  
handful of Senators don't pass legislation,  
and marches alone can't bring integration,  
when human respect is disintegratin',  
this whole crazy world is just too frustratin',  
and you tell me over and over and over again my friend,  
ah, you don't believe we're on the eve of destruction.*

*Think of all the hate there is in Red China!  
Then take a look around to Selma, Alabama!  
Ah, you may leave here, for four days in space,  
but when your return, it's the same old place,  
the poundin' of the drums, the pride and disgrace,  
you can bury your dead, but don't leave a trace,  
hate your next-door-neighbor, but don't forget to say grace,  
and you tell me over and over and over and over again my friend,  
ah, you don't believe we're on the eve of destruction.*  
Eve of Destruction – Barry McGuire

o

The song McGuire sang was written in 1965, my how times haven't changed. Humanity was its own worst enemy, if we weren't fighting over the price of gas; it was a shortage of food. It was because we were civilized:

- Having a highly developed society and culture.
- Showing evidence of moral and intellectual advancement; humane, ethical, and reasonable: terrorist acts that shocked the civilized world.
- Marked by refinement in taste and manners; cultured; polished.

The only difference between a civilized man and an uncivilized man was the cost of his weapon. Wiki – End\_of\_Civilization

Apocalyptic science fiction is a sub-genre of science fiction that is concerned with the end of civilization, through nuclear war, plague, or some other general disaster.

Post-apocalyptic science fiction is set in a world or civilization after such a disaster. The time frame may be immediately after the catastrophe, focusing on the travails or psychology of survivors, or considerably later, often including the theme that the existence of pre-catastrophe civilization has been forgotten or mythologized. Post-apocalyptic stories often take place in an agrarian, non-technological future world, or a world where only scattered elements of technology remain.

We hadn't gotten there, yet... We were at the stage where scattered elements of technology remained, e.g., we had electricity, motor vehicles and fuel. We also had relative-

ly modern weapons and the munitions that went with them. It wasn't what I'd expected in a post-WW III scenario, but you took what you got. We didn't know that the Navy had put in on the west coast in places like San Nicholas Island and Point Mugu. I should have paid more attention to MGS Arthur Kurt, but he and his 5 friends left before the military was sure what it was going to do.

In order for the military to do anything, they needed a chain of command and they didn't have that. The Rear Admiral in charge of the Task Group was at the top of the heap and he was unable to communicate with anyone, that EMP weapon had neutralized satellite communications. You thought I forgot about the Navy? Who could forget them, they were what we had defending this here country even though it was broken up pretty good.

Sedona, by contrast had a Light Battalion in town and 2 units at Rob's Roost. Ray came up with 3 young couples in their early 30s, all survivalists to the core. After Matt and I had interviewed them and concluded they'd fit in rather well, we discussed the housing situation and they wanted doublewides. We agreed to find 3 'good used' doublewides in Flagstaff, dismantle, transport and reassemble them. In order to give up what they had in town, each family had a shopping list and they weren't one bit bashful.

"We'll come close, but you won't have anything more than what the others have. For example, the best we can do is a 15kw, propane fueled genset, which should run everything in your homes in case we have a power outage. Remember, we have 360kw total as a central electrical supply and it will run as long as we don't run out of fuel."

"And, you agree to equip each home with enough propane to keep the lights on?"

"You'll get a 3,300-gallon tank, the same as everyone else. Are you ok on weapons, or do you want something you don't have?"

"Do you have enough 7.62x39mm?"

"Russkie stuff? We have a little and you're welcome to all of it. We favor NATO calibers."

"Do you have extra weapons in NATO calibers?"

"What would you like?"

"What are the small arms calibers?"

"5.56x45mm, 7.62x51mm, 9x19mm and 12.7x99mm. Anything under 20mm is defined as a small arms caliber. We also have some non-NATO calibers, .45 ACP, .45 Colt, .357 magnum, .44 magnum and .45-70."

"What, no 8.60x70mm?"

"I don't think so, no."

"It's the .338 Lapua."

"Sorry, no."

o

The .338 is fairly new to the sniper community, but it does bear the distinction as being the first and only caliber designed specifically for sniping. While this round was actually developed back in 1983, it wasn't until the last few years that it has gained in popularity. The caliber was designed to arrive at 1000 meters with enough energy to penetrate 5 layers of military body armor and still make the kill. The effective range of this caliber is about 1 mile (1600meters) and in the right shooting conditions, it could come very close to the 2000 meter mark, provided you have the right rifle/ammo/optics/shooter/spotter combination. Realistically, 1200 meters is well within the average sniper range.

This caliber is designed primarily as a military extreme range anti-personnel round; there really are no Law Enforcement applications, unless you need a super penetrating round for either armored vehicles, or for barricaded suspects. There are not a lot of rifles chambered for the .338 Lapua, but the list is growing with the likes of Sako, AI, and even Remington (With the SR8) producing .338 sniping rifles. Ammo is another problem, until a readily available match load is developed, the use of the .338 will be limited. We all know the legal liability of using hand loads, so that is out of the question. Another concern is the recoil of this caliber, even with a good muzzle brake, it's brisk. So don't try a rifle without one. Be sure to practice the fundamentals of shooting to try and prevent a flinch from developing. The longest recorded sniper kill was made using .338 Lapua in an Arctic Warfare Super Magnum, L115A1 rifle – 2,475 meters, 2,707 yards.

o

"You have a Barrett rifle?"

"No, only one Tac-50 and Tom uses it. Gunny has the M107."

"That would work, what do you have for my wife?"

"My daughter Liz uses a .308 model 70 and the other two prefer 5.56x45mm. We have both. As far as handguns go, most of the women go with 9mm or a .45 Colt."

"Cowboys guns?"

"They're easier to get into a scabbard on a horse, so we use Winchesters and Marlins plus an assortment of single action style handguns. Most people have a second scab-

bard for a shotgun. You'll have to remember, you never, ever, shoot a gun from the back of a horse, unless your name is Roy Rogers or Gene Autry."

"M16A2? M9?"

"No problem. Suppressed or not?"

"Suppressed, if they're available."

"They are. If the 6 of you want to come to the armory, you can pick out your weapons."

"Just like that?"

"Yeah, the corporation owns the weapons and you won't have to bother with 4473s."

"What about our kids?"

"When they're old enough, we can start them out on .22s and work up."

"Who has the say about when they're old enough?"

"You, their parents, do. We have rules, but you enforce them, we don't. It's all just common sense. Give us 2 weeks to locate 3 trailers and get them moved and set up."

"If you need us here now, we could sleep in your shelter."

"That would mean moving your household goods twice, but you're welcome to spend your days here and get up to speed on the weapons you chose."

"Kids too?"

"That's up to you."

"You're convinced you're going to get attacked aren't you?"

"It's not a question of if; it's a question of ..."

"What and when. We know. The only thing we're unsure of is why it hasn't happened sooner."

"We don't know either, but why fight for things when they're free for the taking? That's pretty much ended, so the next stage is to steal what other people have."

"That makes sense, but I have another question, why didn't you provide more food for Sedona?"

"We were building the herds, we started out very small and that takes time. We only butchered steers until this last time when we had too many female hogs. The people in town should have taken some of them live and saved them for breeding. As supplies of feed begin to run short our livestock harvest will be limited."

"Is the way you're distributing food fair?"

"What does fair have to do with anything? We grew it and we had first pick. Anything extra was sold to the people in town. They didn't seem to be overly excited to get the vegetables, only the meat. And then they complained because it was mostly pork. Yeah, it was fair; we sold them all we could spare. If they had taken some live female pigs, they would have had hams for everyone next year."

She dropped her questions just before I changed my mind about the two of them. Opinions are like... well you know that one. Ray had said I'd find Sandy challenging, I now knew what he meant. However, she could shoot an M16 like she was born with one in her hands. I asked her husband, Bob, if she could do the same thing if the target were shooting back. He assured me that she'd just get po'd and they wouldn't have a chance; unlike most people, her aim improved when she was angry.

o

The 3 couples were: Bob and Sandy O'Reilly with 2 sons, Ham (Hamilton) and Jeff (Jefferson) aged 12 and 11; Don and Ashley Crosby with 3 daughters, Ashley 13, Barbara 12, and Cynthia 11; and, John and Karen Gibson with their kids, Harry 13, Dean 12, and Margaret 11. They all deemed their children old enough to use .22 rifles and some of the older children had their own. Although 11 might be a little young, these weren't normal times and we provided all of the kids with Armalite M-15s and ALICE gear. It added 14 more mouths to feed, but with the kids able to at least help defend the home place, it was a bargain. All the couples were in their mid- to late-30s.

That was the good news; the bad news was we were running out of places to locate trailers inside the chain link fence. We now had enough people to allow us to take off should the need arise. Manufactured housing had its good points and bad points, the best part being the ability to move the home, even if it was in sections and the worst part being the inability of the home to resist severe storms. No houses were bulletproof or even bullet resistant. A bullet from a .308 rifle would go all the way through a home depending upon what it did and didn't hit on its way through. Neither was the chain link fence bullet resistant, it wouldn't even keep out a determined opponent. Our greatest fear was of being overrun before reinforcements could arrive from Sedona.

It was the end of winter, early 2010 when people outside of our area must have run out of food or whatever. They came up from the south along I-17, probably from one or more of the National Forests. Under the circumstances, they were well armed having a plethora of small arms. It was a large group, 500 or more. They weren't asking for any-



thing, it was clear that they intended to take what they wanted or thought they needed. Our first hint of trouble came when they hit Oak Creek late one night.

Oak Creek Village is in Yavapai County, maybe halfway between Sedona and I-17 south. The few survivors down in Oak Creek had moved into Sedona and the invaders found an empty Village. There was nothing in Oak Creek for them to take, Ray had seen to it that anything worth taking had been moved the 7 miles north to Sedona. He hadn't stinted on keeping an eye on the community; however, and we were rousted out of bed late on the night of Tuesday, February 15<sup>th</sup>. We now staffed the radio room around the clock as did Ray. His suggestion was to roust out our Marines and have them form up with the rest of their unit in town, he needed HumInt on the threat the people in Oak Creek presented.

"We aren't Force Recon, what do you need, a Greenside or a Blackside operation?"

"Greenside, avoid contact, Gunny."

"Can we use vehicles or do you want us to move in on foot?"

"You shouldn't get vehicles any closer to them than 3 miles, Gunny. How big of a force do you want to use?"

"A full squad, 12 people. We'll split into 2 groups and scope out the location from 2 directions."

"Communications?"

"Spearheads for everyone and one man pack SINCGARS radio. I'll take the M107 and we'll equip half of the squad with M4s and the remainder with M14s. That will give us 6 grenadiers. I figure we'll need 3 LAWs per, just in case we're spotted. We'll be traveling fairly light, fanny packs only and no body armor. I think we'll pass on carrying cruisers, we won't be doing any breaching operations."

"How many grenades?"

"36 40mm per M203 and 6 M67s per person. I can't promise we won't make contact, so you'd better have a force ready to come to our rescue, just in case. Standard ammo load out and an equal amount in strippers."

"Would you rather carry loaded mags in bandoleers or just the spare ammo?"

"The load is heavy enough as it is so spare ammo; we shouldn't need it anyway, if it goes right. We'd better move out now before it begins to get light."

o

"Lucky Strike, team one."

"Copy team one, sitrep?"

"Estimate more than 500 in target. Small arms only, civilian vehicles."

"Copy 500 plus, small arms, civilian vehicles."

"Rog. Negative contact, we're pulling out."

"Copy, will meet you at vehicles."

"Rog."

o

"Were they all men?"

"It looked like wives and children too, they made up probably 300 of the force."

"Recommendations?"

"We could set up a roadblock on 179 just south of Indian Cliffs Road. It might not be the best site, but its south of Sedona. We have them out gunned and with women and children along, I don't believe they'll push it."

"Rob, perhaps if we give them a small quantity of food supplies, they'd be willing to move on and try some other location."

"I'm not sure about that Ray, it would make it clear to them that we have food. If it was in exchange for an agreement to return to I-17 and move on to Flagstaff, I could go along with it. Say enough food for 500 people for a week?"

"Beans and rice?"

"Flour, yeast, oil and other supplies. Not a lot, but enough to get them out of the immediate area. They'll have a hint of what they'd be up against if they came back."

"Enough to get them to Navajo Depot where they can arm up with weapons better than what we have?"

"Not necessarily better, but equal. Our force is larger with 500 plus armed fighters. The easy part would be if they refused the offer, we could take them out. Unfortunately, that would still leave us with the women and children. The bottom line was it isn't up to us, all we can do is to react to whatever they choose to do."

"Are you sure we cleaned all of the food out of Oak Creek?"

"They didn't bother with partial containers of anything, but there can't be more than a day or two food supply left."

"What are our rules of engagement?"

"Don't fire unless we're fired upon."

"Is that wise or even practical? That could get some of our people killed!"

"Would you open fire on a Bushmaster, an Mk 19, 2 .50 calibers and 2 .30 caliber machineguns?"

"No, I suppose not. At least I wouldn't if I knew I was that badly outgunned."

"And Gunny didn't see anything other than small arms?"

"That's what he reported, but some of those could be select fire."

"Regardless, if all they have is small arms we'll go with those ROE. We know nothing about these people, only that they're probably short on supplies. They could be friendly if given half a chance. If they're not we'll cross that bridge when we come to it. Enough people have died already, Rob, I don't want to add to the total unless we have to."

"We put you in charge Ray so if Tom and Gunny agree, it's your call."

"Gunny said he didn't want to kill Americans if it was avoidable. Tom suggested we try and find out what they want before we make our final decision. This ambush is well set-up and we have scouts out in case they try to flank us, let's see what happens."

o

It wasn't long coming the following morning the caravan of vehicles came north on 179 and stopped about 600 yards back when they saw the roadblock. We had spotting scopes and could observe them talking. Eventually they loaded about a dozen men in a pickup and moved to the roadblock, a white handkerchief attached to the CB antenna acting, as it were, as a white flag. The pickup stopped about 50 yards from the vehicles we were using to block 179 and the men dismounted. They didn't disarm, but approached slowly. More in a defensive posture than as an attacking force.

"Hello the roadblock may we approach?"

"For what purpose?"

"Discussion."

"Keep you weapons pointed in a safe direction, any attempt to attack will bring you under immense fire."

With that, they paused and looked around and our force revealed their presence.

"Scouts, roadblock, is there any indication that they're trying to flank us?"

One by one the scouts reported in, all in the negative. We moved to meet them under the watchful eye of our forces. The group included Ray, Gunny, Tom, Matt and myself. Matt and I were there more to observe than anything, Ray could talk for our group.

"Who's in charge?"

"I suppose I am... my name is Ray Johnson, from Sedona. Could you state your intent?"

"My name is Brian Young and I've been elected to speak for our group. We have about 500 people including our families. We'd spent the time since the war in the National Forest to the south. We're out of food, medicine and just about everything else. We don't want trouble if we can avoid it. Is there anything you can do to help us?"

"Possibly, how large is your force?"

"I told you about 500."

"That includes women and children, how large is your fighting force?"

"Why should I tell you that?"

"Near as we can tell you have about 200 fighting men and 300 women and children. Our fighting force exceeds 500 and as you can plainly see, we have several heavy weapons. We don't want trouble either, but believe me when I say that our resources are limited. What can you offer us?"

"Not a hell of a lot, we have meat we hunted, but little in the way of staples. Our supply of fuel is nearly exhausted and some of the gas is so old the vehicles barely run. We heard there was a group in Sedona and came this way in hopes you might be able to help."

"What's your health situation? Medical supplies are extremely limited."

"We lost about half of our original group, some due to a lack of medication, some from radioactivity poisoning and a few to unexplained causes. We have a doctor but he doesn't have much to work with."

"And if we allow you to continue to Sedona, what then?"

"We can help you defend the town and will share what we have."

"And if we say no?"

"You have us out numbered; we won't have much choice but to leave. Let me warn you though, we left about 2 days ahead of a much larger group and they have armaments equal to yours or slightly superior."

"Any idea where they got them?"

"We suspect they raided some armories along the way. They have a pair of 105mm howitzers and some Bradley fighting vehicles. With or without our help, you're in for a fight."

"What do you have for weapons?"

"Hunting rifles, a few military style arms and explosives. We have an average of 500 rounds per weapon. What else do you need to know?"

"Would you be willing to surrender your arms temporarily in exchange for food and a place to stay?"

"That's a fair amount of food and I'd really hate to surrender all of our weapons."

"Would you be willing to surrender your long arms and explosives?"

"We'd have to talk it over."

"We not going anywhere, return to your group and have your discussion. We can provide a small amount of food right now if you have any special needs."

"Do you have any infant formula or milk?"

"Come forward and we'll give you some, for the children. If the remainder of you will settle for MREs, we'll give you 50 cases of those."

"Is it alright if we back the truck up?"

"Sure. We'll need your decision within 2 hours. Rob, can we get the MREs and a can or 2 of coffee for these people? You heard what he said, they need infant formula."

"Have them turn the truck around Ray, we'll get it."

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They loaded the food on the pickup along with the other things and returned to their group. Two hours wasn't a lot of time for them to make the decision, but we couldn't stand here all day deciding on the next move. Eventually, Brian came forward and handed us his Remington model 700 rifle. They accepted our offer subject to getting adequate living conditions and food. Not every battle is resolved by bullets; diplomacy occasionally works. We hoped we'd passed our first test. If this worked out, they could provide us with a Company of troops to help defend Sedona. If it didn't, we'd give them a little food and fuel and send them on their way.

There wasn't any shortage of living quarters in Sedona so we took them to the High School and began to gather information about the group. We recorded the names, former addresses, occupations and so forth. Next, each family was assigned to an empty home large enough to meet their needs. I sent Tom out to the ranch to bring in a truck load of food and over the next 2 days, we got all of them settled in.

The other item we recorded about the families was what they had in the way of equipment and weapons. There were too many calibers to supply ammo for all of the different weapons so we decided we need to make a trip to the Depot and get them properly equipped. The most prevalent weapon at the Depot was M16A2s and M9s. The Arizona National Guard is primarily an artillery outfit and there were M109A6 Paladins plus M119A1 towed 105mm Light Howitzers and M198 155mm towed Howitzers. If the larger group following this group had artillery, we needed it too. We got what we thought we needed and took it to the ranch.

The greatest single asset they had was the doctor, adding him to our population outweighed some of the risks. We learned he was a surgeon and there were nurses both within Sedona and the new group. Layer by layer, we continued to improve our situation. After this encounter, permanent roadblocks were established on 89 north of our ranch, on 89 west and 179 south. Our security took on a new urgency, we had no idea what the next group was up to, but Brian suggested they were up to no good.

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We resolved to keep 30 of the female hogs to give the people in town for breeding stock after the sows farrowed yet again. We also concluded that beef would remain mostly unavailable until our herd was large enough to supply enough beef for as many as 2,000 people. One steer would feed about a dozen people, meaning we needed of herd of 140 cows. That was down the road a ways, depending of the ratio of male to female calves. This year we'd increase to 15, the year after 22 or 23, the next year 33-35, and a year after that perhaps 50-52. Fifty-two would increase to maybe 78-80 and the year after, we'd have 120. Thus we were looking at 2017, 6 years down the road, before we had an adequate supply of beef, unless we could find additional breeding stock. Conversely, we shouldn't have a shortage of pork or poultry, their numbers increased much faster. It is difficult, to say the least, to project that far ahead, in 6 years we could all be dead.

"Are we going to have to feed everyone from now on?"

"Not if I can help it, Matt. We'll give them 30 live hogs and let them raise their own. I did the math on the beef and it will take us about 6 years before we can raise enough for everyone. As far as I'm concerned, it's going to be us first and everyone else second."

"Are we sure about those new people?"

"How can a person ever be sure? They seem to be ok. Anyway, they did give up their rifles. Maybe it will boil down to how fast on the draw we are."

"I don't have a Hollywood holster like you do; I'm likely to be slower."

"That was a metaphor, don't take me literally. Fast is good, accurate is better. As far as those people go, time will tell. I'd have put them up in Oak Creek if it had been my decision."

"Why don't you suggest that to Tom or Ray?"

"I don't want to get involved."

"We are already involved; we're feeding them, if only for a while."

"Will you go with me? Maybe if we both raise the issue, they'll listen to us."

"You bet I'll go, we have the weapons from Navajo Depot and I need a comfort zone before we pass them out. If we give them 155mm artillery, we'll be in their range, even from Oak Creek."

"What's the range on that gun?"

"M119A1 – 11,500 m w/Chg 7, 14,000 m w/Chg 8 and 19,000 m w/M913 RAP; M198 – conventional: 22,400 meters; rocket-assisted projectile: 30,000 meters; and Copper-head: 16,100 meters; M109A6 – about the same as the M198. That's between 14 and 18½ miles."

"Crap, it doesn't matter what they have, does it?"

"No, I thought maybe we'd find a place to park a couple of the M109A6 Paladins."

"So far, none of them have been to the ranch, have they?"

"No, why?"

"It would be damned foolish to show them exactly where we live."

"No chit, we agree completely, I don't want them here."

"Tom, Matt and I want to have a meeting with you, Gunny and Ray."

"What about?"

"For starters, the food situation. Second we want to discuss Brian and his group of people."

"You want me to get them all out here?"

"NO! We'll go to town. I don't want Brian or any of his people knowing exactly where we live."

"Why not?"

"Matt and I agree that they should be moved down to Oak Creek. We're not going to try and feed everybody, but we can give them 30 sows and they can grow their own pork. The beef situation is different; it will take about 6 years to have enough beef for everyone. Even if we move them to Oak Creek, if we give them artillery, they can reach this ranch. Therefore we don't want them to know where we live."

"Ok, I'll get Liz and Gunny and we'll go into town. Do you want to deliver the weapons or hold onto them?"

"They can wait a day or two."

"While he's gone, Matt, something has occurred to me. We're potentially going to convert oil to biodiesel and alcohol to E85, right? We ought to be thinking about locating spare parts for the vehicles we have, I doubt they build them again."

"We could find parts, but I really doubt that would cover all of our needs. What we really need is a bone yard like they have at Davis-Monthan ABF, Aerospace Maintenance & Regeneration Center (AMARC). I saw a program once that said they had airplanes there that were sort of on ready standby and could be flying in a few weeks. Anyway, there are some things you can probably only find at a junkyard and a few spare vehicles would keep the kids in wheels for years."

"We're not really going to farm the whole ranch, are we?"



## When We Were Young – Chapter 15

"We might get by with gardens and growing a few crops, but I suspect not, only Miguel is a rancher and I don't know how much he actually knows about growing crops."

Tom came back with Liz and Gunny, and asked, "Are you guys ready to go?"

"I think so, let me check. M1A, M1911, 11 mags and 5 mags plus 12 M67s. Yeah, I'm ready, let's go."

"Are you sure you didn't forget something Daddy?"

"Uh, oh, that's right, 3 LAWs. Now I'm ready."

"What do you have Matt?"

"The same as your father, Liz, we're concerned about those new people."

"I don't think you have enough ammo to kill them all fellas," Gunny laughed.

"What are you braying at jackass? They came at us and when they saw they were outnumbered, surrendered. Do you really want to give them weapons and artillery unless you're sure of them? The only thing they had that we needed was a doctor. We're providing them food, fuel and arms and welcoming them in our midst like long lost brothers. I won't have them on the ranch or even knowing where it's located."

"Let's go. Matt do you agree with that?"

"Couldn't have said it better myself, Gunny."

"Why would you want to move them to Oak Creek?"

"Would you rather have an enemy living among you or 7 miles down the road?"

"And what if they're not an enemy?"

"In that case, they're our southern guard Company, protecting Sedona in case someone comes in from the south."

"What about the north?"

"That's us, we can slow whoever down for long enough for the cavalry to arrive. We're going to give the town about 30 sows so they can grow their own pork. What's more, everyone has to understand that unless we find more cattle, it will take about 6 years to build a herd large enough to feed everyone."

"Why don't we go look for more?"

"Suits me, one cow will produce enough beef for about 12 people so Sedona will need about 84 cows. The new people will need about 42 more. I wouldn't mind have a couple more for the Roost either. We can't supply them with many saddle horses either, so when they out looking, they can find some of those."

"Is there anything else you want to tell us before this meeting?"

"Well, it would be nice if somebody could find some vegetable oil we could convert to biodiesel or the canola to extract it from. I suggested that we get more vehicle parts and even some spare vehicles so we have parts for our vehicles. Unless you think the country is in the middle of a major recovery."

"That will probably mean putting up another building just to hold vehicle parts."

"So be it. Add a new pole building to your shopping list and measure to see how much we'll have to move the fencing, it's not like we're short of space here."

"Do you think maybe Ray told them where the ranch is?"

"I hope not, he doesn't seem like a man who would share information like that to newcomers. Are we in agreement here?"

"It's your place Rob, if that's the way you want it, that's how it's going to be."

"Good. Gunny, we're going to keep 2 of the M109A6s, can you figure out how to run them?"

"We'll figure them out, but we'd just as well off with the M198, and that's a Marine Corps item I'm slightly familiar with already."

"What do we tow them with?"

"We'll get a couple of 5-ton trucks and we can carry the ammo and charges too."

"Does that mean we'll need more people?"

"You mentioned moving the fence; why not make room for all the soldiers I've assembled for my Platoon?"

"Will you be responsible for finding trailers, installing them and arming them as necessary?"

"They don't need arms; most of them are your former customers."

"Good, that means we have plenty of ammo. By the way, I told Bob O'Reilly you weren't using the M109 and he could have it to use."

"I already assigned that to someone, would he settle for a M82A1?"

"That's what he wanted in the first place. Get that at the Depot?"

"Yeah and several more boxes of Mk 211."

"We're here, folks. Rob do you want to explain this to Ray?"

"Sure."

"Ray, the bottom line is Matt and I are uncomfortable with those new people living in Sedona."

"Why?"

"We don't know enough about them. We'd like to suggest that they move into Oak Creek. They can guard our southern flank in exchange for food and better weapons."

"Are you going to produce enough food for another 500 people?"

"We don't plan to try to. We reducing the number of hogs we butcher next fall and giving you 30 sows. At our current rate of expansion, it will take about 6 years to provide enough beef. In that regard; we like to suggest we attempt to recover about 130 cows. If we find any steers, you can butcher them now."

"Anything else?"

"Yes, we're going to start collecting parts and used vehicles to keep our growing fleet running. We'll also look for oil or soybeans and corn both for livestock feed and alcohol. We have stills to produce ethanol and biodiesel processors. For every 18,000 gallons of unleaded we can find, we can produce 120,000 gallons of E85."

"Did you find weapons for Brian's group?"

"M16s, M9s and some artillery pieces. We also picked up some medium and heavy machineguns. We didn't bring them until we can resolve this issue. By the way, has anyone told them where we live?"

"All they know is that you live north of Sedona on 89."

"Can we keep it that way?"

"You really don't trust them, do you?"

"We don't know them, why should we?"

"Anything else?"

"We're going to put in housing for Gunny's military force and move them to the ranch. We're the northern guard force and need the extra bodies."

"What if they don't want to move?"

"Gunny? Can you answer that?"

"Ray, they can transfer to one of your divisions. I only want people who are willing to move to the ranch."

"I'll take it all under consideration. Should I assume they won't get the weapons if they decide not to move?"

"They won't get the artillery. We'll see about the other weapons. We will provide as much food as we can spare, but it may not be enough. Tell their doctor we do have some medical supplies, he should talk to Doc, via radio and we bring in as much as we can spare."

"I'll let you know Rob."

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"He didn't seem too happy about that."

"No, he didn't, did he. Tough. The word will get out and I suppose we be hated by Brian's group, but I don't care. I don't believe Christian charity extends to giving them the nails and the hammer."

"If we give them 30 sows and they find some cattle, what will that do to our selling meat?"

"Probably nothing, if they don't want it Arizona is a big state. I'm sure the folks in Prescott or Winslow would buy it if we offered it."

"Rob, how big a herd of cattle to you propose to have?"

"In addition to the ones that will be born this spring? About 15 more. It couldn't hurt to find a new bull either and strengthen the blood line. In terms of moving the fences, make room for all of Gunny's people, 2 storage buildings. I don't want to turn the Roost into an industrial area, but we'd better look for more storage tanks both for vegetable oil

and the various fuels. We'll push the fence back about 1,000', that should give us the room we need."

"Do you want to increase the size of the garden?"

"If Gunny's people come aboard, we won't have much choice. We can increase it from 400'x1,000' to 500'x 1250' without moving any fence, let's do that. I think that will increase it to ~15 acres."

One thing we hadn't considered is that you don't have to be Albert Einstein to figure out where we were located. If you knew we lived on 89 north, all you needed to do was get in a vehicle and drive north, looking for signs of life. We shouldn't have been surprised when Brian and 3 of his men showed up at our front gate.

"We need to talk," Brian told me.

"Let me get the gate open and you can come in."

"I understand you want us out of Sedona and down in Oak Creek."

"That's right, Brian. I proposed that and giving you some sows so you could raise your own pork. We also suggest several salvage operations designed to provide more food for your folks."

"Let me tell you about myself. I'm an architect formerly of Phoenix. I worked for Paul, does that name ring a bell?"

"The Paul I used to design parts of my ranch?"

"The same. We used the plans for your shelter as the basis for several other shelters we built. Unless you've made significant changes, I know all about your underground shelter system and how it's accessed."

"What happened to Paul?"

"Sorry, he's dead."

"He didn't have a shelter?"

"He did, but one of those warheads ground burst just about where it was located."

"So you knew where the ranch was located?"

"We were more headed here than Sedona. I figured that if anyone made it out alive, your group would be one that did."

"Why do you say group?"

"That was a shelter large enough for at least 30 people. I reasoned that when the lights went out you might have gathered together your families and kept them here. I see by the various weapons sitting around that you've been to Navajo Depot. Were some of those for us?"

"Let's say that I let the fact that you worked for Paul vouch for you, can you vouch for all the people in your party?"

"Anyone who didn't fit in with good Christian folks is long gone. They were either exiled or, if necessary, killed."

"How do you feel about our suggesting you move to Oak Creek?"

"And cover the southern approach while you cover the northern approach? We don't have a problem with that. We're obliged for the food and what you've done for us so far."

"Why didn't you approach me sooner with what you just told me?"

"Paul said you were a little odd. He described you as a rock hard survivalist and gun nut."

"Survival oriented and a gun dealer would be a better description."

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What had started out to be an awkward situation laced with distrust ultimately resolved itself into Brian and his group moving to Oak Creek, getting the weapons and our moving fences to make room for Gunny's people, etc. We moved the fence about 500 yards creating more than enough room. Over the course of the next few months, we did major salvaging, getting enough free range livestock for everyone to raise beef, storage tanks and even supplies of vegetable oil. We cleaned out several auto parts firms and a couple of dealer's places until we had enough spares to keep everything running for years.

The tanks became important because we needed to relocate the fuel that we found to the ranch, Sedona and Oak Creek. We hadn't done that with the JP-8 and the military must have grabbed it. The ANG had been at Navajo Depot early on, but the last time we went, they were all gone and we had no idea where. We didn't clean the place out, but we put a dent in their supplies and equipment. We had a pair of M198s pointed to the north and the remainder of the artillery was divided between Sedona and Oak Creek. Sedona was responsible for 89 west and Oak Creek 179 south.

We found a train and included in the string of cars were tankers carrying vegetable oil from ADM to who knows where. It might not have been a lifetime supply, but Matt and I

would be long gone before we came close to running out. The stills and biodiesel processors were moved to town to get them closer to the oil supply. We pumped out our vegetable oil tank and refilled it with B-100.

The USA had become a hand to mouth country in the days before the war, with an average of a 3 day supply of essentials. That all changed with the war, there weren't many people left alive in Arizona and we had little or no news from anywhere else. If you eliminate 90% of the population, the 3 day supply becomes a 30 day supply and we're talking about deliveries here, not usage. We all stockpiled as a result of the salvaging operations.

When spring came, we provided seed to Brian and his people so they could raise much of their own food and expanded our garden because our population had more than doubled. Counting children, we now had close to 120 people on the ranch, most of them living in mobile homes. We took down the 'Rob's Roost' sign and replaced it with a sign that said 'The Ranch'. We needed quart mason jars and lids and managed to salvage some of those plus several more pressure canners. We converted the shelter to a storage space because we concluded there wouldn't be another war. The guns came out of the shelter and went back into the store. We didn't have licenses, but there appeared to be no ATF.

To enhance our security, we used median dividers placed across the roads in a zigzag pattern that forced a person to maneuver through them slowly. The checkpoints were manned 24/7, just in case. We concluded there were at least 2 distinct phases to the aftermath of a global thermonuclear war. In phase I, you adjusted to the situation, gathered survivors and supplies. This was also the phase where one made plans for the future and acted accordingly. We hadn't had bad guys like they describe in most survivalist stories, but we were ready for them if they came.

Phase 2 begins when technology wears out and when you lack the capacity to make it work for you any longer. It can be delayed but can't be avoided. We added a second of 150kw generators and while we were at it, got all the supplies we could find, including repair parts for the engines and consumables. These were one of our critical items and Matt Jr. worked full time on keeping them carefully maintained. Every home had a standby generator powered by propane and they ranged in size from 12kw up to 20kw, we took what we could find. It was a question of either the generators wore out or we could no longer get fuel.

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With no TV or radio, the kids must have resorted to older forms of entertainment, Sue and I now had a pile of grandchildren and more on the way. Matt and Sarah did too, so we starting accumulating guns for the kids, accepting .22 rifles in trade against the guns we were now selling. In Sedona and Oak Creek, the town councils did away with most gun laws, the only place you couldn't open carry was in a bar or a church.

When Miguel broke a leg, his two boys, Miguel and Juan took over for him and I let Tom, Pete and John take over for me. The twin's husbands and Matt Jr. basically took over for Matt. I didn't have a whole lot to do, an occasional gun sale or trade but Matt was keeping busy repairing weapons and training a replacement, Pete.

People who were dependent on medicine to survive eventually died off, but the survivors were generally a healthy lot, they worked hard and ate right. Booze was still available but those coffin nails disappeared. Matt and I were stocked up and we weren't about to share. The general absence of meat early on changed some people's eating habits and we ended up with more beef and pork than we consumed. We ended up trading it for things we could use to people who didn't have meat.

Twenty-two ammo comes 10 bricks to the case and we had maybe 100 cases or 1,000 bricks before we went salvaging. After, we had about tripled our supply of ammo and that didn't count what was available at the Depot. We took it all, primers, powder and bullets, when it was gone, we'd be back to bows and arrows or at least homemade black powder and lead bullets until the primers ran out. Liz set up her own business, reloading ammo. You supplied the brass and she cleaned, trimmed and reloaded it for about ½ the pre-war price of factory ammo.

Why did she need to reload? Easy question, everyone needed to practice and many preferred to use their hunting rifles, ergo .30-06 and other calibers we couldn't replace by going to the Depot. There were a fair number of old Garand rifles around and she reloaded the cartridges and the clips. She used equipment that we originally had in the shop and moved to storage when we went out of business. Every yank of the lever produced another round and she had plates set up for nearly every caliber. She had several cans of WC750 and WC844 plus a large supply of the correct primers. The powder was for the 7.62 and the 5.56 ammo, but she adjusted the loads and made do. Hunter opinion on the best bullet weights for the .30-06 differ, but the 150 grain for deer size game and the 180 grain for everything else still makes a lot of sense. When all is said and done, the hand loader with IMR-4350, IMR-4064, H4350, H414, and W-760 sitting on his powder shelf needs to look no farther, I preferred IMR-4064.

The principal rifle cartridges we found were .30-06, .308 (7.62×51mm) and .223 (5.56×45mm) Ammo reloaded to mil spec would work in most rifles. There was the occasional .300 Winchester or whatever, but she had a hand loading table and could adjust as required. Don't get me wrong, there nothing wrong with the Garand rifle but the .30-06 ammo was hard to come by. Thus Matt would either rebarrel or install a press-in chamber insert.

Military ball ammo wasn't the best choice for hunting but it was plentiful. Liz loaded some of the reloads with soft pointed hunting bullets, the Sierra was very popular. A .308 was big enough in certain circumstances to take down an Elk using a 180 gr. bullet. While they were waiting for more livestock to grow to market weight, some men took to hunting and anything remotely related to a deer was fair game. One of the grocery stores reopened with mostly empty shelves. They had pork, beef and venison in the



meat section, corn meal, stone ground flour and small amount of sugar in the baking aisle along with baking powder and soda.

In the cleaning section there were large boxes of some kind of detergent soap for washing clothes and Ivory soap. The shelves were well stocked with home canned everything ranging from meat and spaghetti sauce to various vegetables. In dry goods, they had white beans, pinto beans and rice. There was both flour and wheat kernels.

The oily oil products available were one gallon jugs of corn or canola oil. The dairy section had eggs, home churned butter, raw milk and homemade cheese. It was a substantial improvement over the time since the war. It was also the only grocery store in the area. The only other things they had were paper products, toilet paper and feminine hygiene supplies. Absent any other measure of currency, we paid for everything in silver with a valuation of \$25 an ounce.

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The Sheriff's office, or what was left of it, was under no obligation to protect people. The substation that remained open switched over to local law enforcement, not unlike the town Sheriff or Marshals of old. Ray Johnson provided one or two platoons on a revolving basis to assist the one Sedona Deputy, now Town Marshal.

The Marshall didn't bother with traffic tickets, people drove the remaining vehicles in a fashion intended to preserve them. That didn't mean he didn't have to break up the occasional bar fight or a dispute or disagreement. Tourist traps like Tombstone and Sedona generally had a member of the historical group dressed up as an old fashion marshal to impress tourists. These days he was carrying a .40 S&W but did dump the uniform for western dress.

Because the airport was intact, local pilots were used to maintain an overlook, generally flying something like a Cessna 172 or a Piper Cherokee. Our designated AOR ran from the junction on 179 and I-17 north to the junction of 89. From there, west to Prescott then north to I-40 and from there, east to Leupp Corner and southwest on 87 to Long Valley. Av gas was limited and we usually only made one flight a day, Ray's idea being to spot trouble long before it got to us. Before the war, the population of Arizona was about 5.3 million and our best guess was that after, it was 3-500,000 and most of them were Indians.

Anyway, I decided to call a family meeting, I was getting long in the tooth and didn't have the energy I had before. Sue and I had a long talk and I ran our thoughts by Matt. He said he'd talk to Sarah and have the same discussion with her. Over the years, Matt's share of ownership of the corporation had increased to 25%.

"Quiet down, please. Everything Sue and I own is actually in the name of the corporation except for personal possessions. We own 75% of the company and Matt has 25%. It probably doesn't mean a whole hell of a lot, but as of today, Sue and I are dividing up

the stock among you 3 girls and your husbands. Tom, I want you to take over in my place; Peter, you can take Tom's place as manager of the ranch; and, John, you're an educator, you should do what you do best.

"Liz, I expect you to take over the gun store, you practically run it now anyway. Sara, you should work with John educating the youngsters. Julia, you'll be in charge of the garden and canning operation. Matt and Sarah plan to have a similar discussion with their children and we older folks are turning the whole thing over to your generation, we just can't keep up any more. One final thing; Tom, I've kept sort of a journal that goes back to the time I got out of the Army. You're to take that over and keep track of things from now on."

I hadn't planned on a shock and awe campaign, but you could have heard a pin drop.

"You're quitting?"

"They used to call it retirement. I think it's time; the Doctor put me on a high blood pressure med, Verapamil. It's an old drug but it was what he had the most of. We're getting close to our life expectancies, you know. Better to hand over the reins in an orderly fashion."

"Rob, I don't know much about farming."

"Peter, Tom didn't either, but he learned. You have Miguel, Miguel Jr. and Juan to teach you what you need to know. Tom should be able to tell you the things he had to learn, so don't worry about."

"Daddy, what about a school building?"

"Sara, drag in one of those portable classrooms, considering the number of children, it will be more than enough for now. You can scrounge around for textbooks and develop your own lesson plans. If you want technology classes, get the twin's husbands to teach that. However, it should be a basic school teaching reading, writing and arithmetic. You'll need a class on civics and one on history, they are both very important. Other than that, teach the kids life skills. I think that should include a class on firearms when they're old enough."

"What about Gunny and his group?"

"I filled him in on my plans. His group will take care of security. Now that Ray is running daily flights, we shouldn't have many surprises."

"He's running daily flights, weather permitting; we could always be surprised."

"That's why Gunny has zigzag barricades on 89 made out of those concrete medians. If anyone comes, it would most likely be on foot."

"They could have horses or maybe motor bikes."

"We'd hear motor bikes and the dogs would react to anything they weren't familiar with."

"So you don't believe we have anything to worry about?"

"I didn't say that, Tom. I'm suggesting that our layered defense should give us enough time to react."

"What actually caused the war?"

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"What actually caused the war? That has been a very good question and I don't really have an answer. In part, I suppose, it had been over religious ideology, in part over land and in part over political philosophy. It happened because we hadn't listened to Rodney King. It happened because food and oil were in short supply. It happened because many people believed that even though they believed in the same God, you had to talk to Him their way. It happened because it had to happen; since WW II, the world had slowly pushed itself into a corner from which there was no plausible escape.

"We were just as bad as Russia, they exported Communism and we exported Democracy. They exported AK-47s, RPG-7s, and all manner of military hardware, but then, so did we, to the opponents of the countries the Russians exported weapons to. If we thought that a country needed help, we sent them rifles, grenades, etc. only to eventually see them end up on the streets of LA in the hands of a criminal organization, MS-13.

"We exported Democracy to Palestine and they elected HAMAS. We exported Democracy to Lebanon and they elected Hezbollah. We exported Democracy to Venezuela and they elected Hugo Chávez. Does the name Manuel Noriega ring a bell? How about the name Marcos or the Shah of Iran, Mohammad Reza Pahlavi? Saddam Hussein was our friend when he opposed the Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini. It seems to me that sometimes the government's picker was broke when it came to choosing friends. We've saved France enough times that they're paid in full for helping with our Revolution. We should send them soap, but they're allergic and probably as afraid of it as they are of everyone else. I've concluded that the water in France is so bad you can neither drink it or wash in it, unless you work for Euro Disney. The park failed to plan for certain cultural issues such as initially not offering wine in its restaurants and trying to offer more French food on its menus to visitors who were more interested in distinctly American cuisine, and such as the French not liking soap.

"Knowledge of perfumery came to Europe as early as the 14<sup>th</sup> century due partially to Muslim influences as well as knowledge from the Ancient Romans. During the Renaissance period, perfumes were used primarily by royalty and the wealthy to mask bodily odors resulting from the sanitary practices of the day. Partly due to this patronage, the

western perfumery industry was created. By the 18<sup>th</sup> century, aromatic plants were being grown in the Grasse region of France to provide the growing perfume industry with raw materials. I couldn't bring up France without recalling some of its shortcomings, sorry.

"What causes wars? A person could have looked up WWI or WWII on Wiki and gotten something of an answer, but never a root cause. It may be fair to say clause 231 of the Treaty of Versailles caused WWII in Europe and that the Japanese were imperialists, looking to expand their resources through territorial expansion. The Italians were opportunists, and not very good at war. The French surrendered because they were good at it. The assassination of Arch Duke Ferdinand is sometimes given as the cause of WWI, but it was an excuse. Serbia, backed by Russia acceded to all but one request by Austria and Austria, having German backing, still took 3 weeks to start the war. We all know what was behind WWII, nuclear weapons, religious fanaticism, hunger and oil. If you want to know the exact cause, pick one, they're interchangeable."

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"Do we have any 50 round drum magazines for the Thompson's?"

"I think we do somewhere, why do you plan on changing guns?"

"I thought maybe I'd go with the M1921 Thompson. It weighs too much with the 100 round drum."

"If you're going to do that, I might dig out a M2 carbine. A common misconception is that the M2 Carbine is insufficiently powerful for general military use. A standard issue bullet weighs 110 grains (7.1 grams) and has a muzzle velocity of 1,900 ft/s, (580 m/s) giving it 880 ft-lbs of energy. In comparison, a .357 Magnum revolver fires the same weight bullet at about 1,300 ft/s (396 m/s) for about 410 foot-pounds of energy. The inadequacy myth likely stems from erroneous, exaggerated, or misinterpreted battle reports or a simple visual comparison of the size of the cartridge compared to the issue 30 caliber rifle round."

"If you say so."

"I say so, we have Corbon ammo for a carbine. It's rated at: 100gr DPX 2025fps & 911ftlbs out of an 18" barrel. That's more than a .44 Magnum. Besides which, it's a JHP bullet. What are you going to use in the Thompson?"

"Well, I could use 230 gr. ball, but not to be out done, I'll use Corbon JHP, 165 gr SD 1250fps and 573ftlbs out of a 5" barrel. It will do better than that due to the Thompson's 12" barrel including the Cutts Compensator."

"I think you're wrong, Rob. Take a carbine, it more powerful and the ammo doesn't weigh any more. Come on, we have a couple of the M2 carbines."

"But, Ben Raines..."

"His favorite guns are the M14 'Thunder Lizard' and the venerable 'Chicago Typewriter' Thompson SMG. He favors the .45 Colt 1911A1. It was only later that he switched to the M4 carbine."

"You aren't going to give in, are you?"

"No way, Jose."

"Ok, give me one too, but I want a lot of those 30-round magazines. I guess the advantage is the light weight of the rifle."

"They built 6¼ million carbines during WWII, more than any other rifle. Auto Ordnance was building them again, up to the war."

"So were these M1s or M2s?"

"Before or after I worked them over?"

"Oh, say no more. They don't have flashhiders, do they?"

"Not originally, but I have the clamp on kind. You just have to be careful not to over tighten them, you can break the bolt."

"Canvas sling?"

"It's not a M1A National Match rifle, Rob. On the other hand, it weighs ~ $\frac{1}{3}$  as much."

I had to admit, the Thompson might be nice, but it was very heavy. The select fire M2 carbine was probably the better choice for older men, like Matt and I were becoming. We'd emptied out our supplies of 7.62×39mm and any rifles that fired it when Brian showed up. We had to carry the ammo when we were in business; lots of folks liked those Russian weapons, probably because they were inexpensive. They put a 123gr bullet out of the barrel at 2355fps & 1515ftlbs. For comparison, the 7.62×51mm 147gr ammo ran 2800fps & 2562ftlbs.

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I mentioned Ben Raines, a fictional character created by William W. Johnstone. In the books, Raines started out with the Tri-State Coalition and later they moved and form SUSA. Raines' Manifesto was simple:

"For some time I have had this theory that we should start from scratch. Gather up a group of people who are colorblind and as free of hate and prejudices as possible and

say, All right, folks, here it is:

- We are going to wash everything clean and begin anew.
- We will create a simple, easily understood system of laws.
- We will live by the letter of these laws.
- We will enforce these laws equally, to the letter!

Those of you who feel you can live in a society that eradicates prejudices, hatred, hunger, bad housing, bad laws, and will not tolerate crime, please stay. Those of you who don't feel you could live under such a system – get the hell out!"

He backed that up with a statement of his philosophy:

"A TSer takes responsibility for himself or herself and for their own family. A TSer does not expect the government or anyone else to do for them what they can do for themselves.

A TSer takes responsibility for the security of their community and does not expect the government to do anything that cannot be accomplished by the Citizens of that community working together.

A TSer insists upon his rights being respected and respects the rights of others.

A TSer is willing to defend himself and others to maintain the principles outlined above.

Tri States philosophy calls for a government whose laws are based on COMMON SENSE. It demands that the individual take responsibility for his or her own destiny. Tri States is about a society built on self-determination, simple laws and tough justice, where skin color, religious affiliation, economic status or social standing, ethnic origin, or other prejudicial characteristics are not issues.

As advocates and supporters of the Tri States philosophy, we believe that freedom, like respect, is earned and must be constantly nurtured and protected, from those who would take it away. We believe in the right of every law-abiding citizen to protect his or her life, without fear of arrest, criminal prosecution, or lawsuit. The right to bear arms is essential to maintaining true personal freedom.

George Washington said that government's power to tax is the power to destroy. Federal taxation should not be greater than 10% of our incomes, however the tax is structured. If a 10% tithe is good enough for God's church, it should be good enough for the federal government. If the size of the federal bureaucracy is unsupportable by a 10% income tax, the bureaucracy should be reduced, rather than taxes raised.

Education is the key to solving problems in any society, and the lack of it is the root cause of a country's decline. Effective public education has been denied our children, hijacked by elite class of education mandarins. Until we wrestle control of our local

schools back from these politically correct dictators, the future of our children and our country remains in doubt.

There are only two types of people on earth; decent and indecent. Those who are decent will flourish by their own efforts and those who are not will perish by theirs. No laws laid down by a body of government can make one person like another and any effort by government to make or favor one class over another will backfire. The duty of those who live in a free society is clear, to the maintenance of that society, and personal freedom is not negotiable, but with freedom comes the responsibility to secure it.

In conclusion: We who support the Tri States philosophy and live by its code and its laws pledge to defend it by any means necessary. We pledge to work fairly and justly to build and maintain a society in which all citizens who subscribe to the Tri States Philosophy are truly free and are able to pursue productive lives without fear and without intervention."

SUSA was in a different location, but had the same basic rules. SUSA was the Southern United States of America.

The Ashes series is fiction, with the events and stories primarily occurring after a Nuclear/Biological war between America, Russia and China. The main character is General Ben Raines, a writer before the war, and the reluctant leader of Raines' Rebels after the war. The Rebels are a collection of like-minded individuals who believe in responsibility, honesty and self-defense. The Rebels set up an autonomous society (The Tri-states Collation) after the war, booting out all of the bleeding heart liberals, welfare cases and criminals, while the remaining residents become citizen-soldiers. The remnants of the federal government are infuriated, and end up invading and destroying the Tri-States, after which the federal government totally collapsed and anarchy reigned.

Ben Raines and a select group of Rebels begin again, settling in the Southeast US to establish the Southern United States of America (SUSA), meanwhile scavenging and stockpiling weapons, tanks, planes, and all manner of supplies. Law-abiding, decent Americans flock to the area, swelling the ranks of the Rebels. This is followed by years of fighting gangs, criminals and Night People (Cannibalistic people who mainly congregate in cities, and raise and eat humans). The Rebels end up demolishing many of the great cities of America, but finally finish off most of the Night People and gang activity.

Meanwhile, the former United States is established based on an ultra-liberal model, and various confrontations take place between the US and the SUSA. The ultra-liberal set in the US keep urging the attack and annihilation of the SUSA, but since the Rebels have almost all of the former equipment of the USA, the existence of the SUSA is assured. Eventually a peace of sorts is reached.

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I guess maybe we could call ourselves AANA – Allied Area of Northern Arizona. It was a coalition of the Ranch, Sedona and Oak Creek. Altogether we had a heavy Battalion, something resembling a Platoon of Force Recon and a small Platoon of people from the Ranch. We had artillery and an Air Force, consisting of a Cessna and a Piper.

The Sedona airport had 100LL (100 low lead) and Jet Fuel A available. The pilots said that if push came to shove, we could run the aircraft on mogas, ergo, 87 octane unleaded car gas. The fuel was harder on the engines and you ran the risk of vapor lock, but it could be used. There was a helicopter sitting there, provided we could find a pilot. It was a Bell 412EP, corporate chopper, seating 15 with a cruise speed of 122kn and a range of 356km using twin jet turbines. We called the chopper 'Big Huey'.

"Did Ray find a pilot for Big Huey yet?"

"One of the people in Oak Creek had time in UH-1s, and he said he'd give it a try."

"We'll need door guns."

"We'll look around Navajo Depot for a pair of M134s."

"What's that?"

"The GE mini-gun."

"How many do you figure we can haul at once?"

"1 pilot and 15 passengers translates into 2 pilots, 2 door gunners and 12 troops, about a squad."

"Sounds good, but first, we have to get it off the ground."

"The guy was a combat pilot in the Huey during the '70s. It's the same basic airframe and once he figures out all of the working parts he should be ok."

"What about a co-pilot?"

"I don't know, train one of the general aviation pilots in the chopper."

"Oh, that ought to be fun."

"He just needs to learn to chew gum and rub his tummy at the same time. A chopper has cyclic, rudders and a collective."

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For rotation about the vertical axis (yaw) the anti-torque system is used. Varying the pitch of the tail rotor alters the sideways thrust produced. Dual-rotor helicopters have a differential between the two rotor transmissions that can be adjusted by an electric or hydraulic motor to transmit differential torque and thus turn the helicopter. Yaw controls are usually operated with anti-torque pedals, on the floor in the same place as a fixed-wing aircraft's rudder pedals.

For pitch (tilting forward and back) or roll (tilting sideways) the angle of attack of the main rotor blades is altered or cycled during the rotation creating a differential of lift at different points of the rotary wing. More lift at the rear of the rotary wing will cause the aircraft to pitch forward, an increase on the left will cause a roll to the right and so on. Helicopters maneuver with three flight controls besides the pedals. The collective pitch control lever controls the collective pitch, or angle of attack, of the helicopter blades altogether, that is, equally throughout the 360 degree plane-of-rotation of the main rotor system. When the angle of attack is increased, the blade produces more lift. The collective control is usually a lever at the pilot's left side. Simultaneously increasing the collective and adding power with the throttle causes a helicopter to rise.

The throttle controls the absolute power produced by the engine that is connected to the rotor by a transmission. The throttle control is a twist grip on the collective control. RPM control is critical to proper operation for several reasons. Helicopter rotors are designed to operate at a specific RPM. However, for each weight and speed there would be an ideal RPM (design-rpm). In practice, a single (higher) RPM is used in order to minimize resonance design requirements and add a safety margin to rotor stall RPM. Usually only in autorotation are different RPMs used to increase rotor efficiency, which can be crucial in the case of an emergency without engine power.

If the RPM becomes too low, the rotor blades stall. This suddenly increases drag and slows the rotor down further. The centrifugal forces are then not able to straighten the rotor blades any more, excessive coning ("tuliping") develops and a catastrophic accident is certain.

If the RPM is too high, damage to the main rotor hub, power transmission and engine from excessive forces could result. In general, RPM must be maintained within a tight tolerance, usually a few percent. In many piston-powered helicopters, the pilot must manage the engine and rotor RPM. The pilot manipulates the throttle to maintain rotor RPM and therefore regulates the effect of drag on the rotor system. Turbine engine helicopters, and some piston helicopters, use a servo-feedback loop, otherwise known as a governor, in their engine controls to maintain rotor RPM and relieves the pilot of routine responsibility for that task.

The cyclic changes the pitch of the blades cyclically, that is, during the rotation of the blades around each complete circle ( $2\pi$  radians). This causes the lift to vary across the plane of the rotor disk. This variation in lift causes the rotor disk to tilt and the helicopter to move during hover flight or change attitude in forward flight. The cyclic is similar to a joystick and is usually positioned in front of the pilot. The cyclic controls the angle of the

stationary section of the swashplate, which in turn controls the angle of the rotating section of the swashplate. The rotating section rotates with the rotor and is connected to blade pitch horns through pitch links, one link for each blade. When the swashplate is not tilted, the blades are all at the collective angle. When it is tilted, the links give a pitch-up at some azimuthal angle and a pitch-down at the opposite angle, hence creating a sinusoidal variation in blade angle of attack. This causes the helicopter to tilt in the same direction as the cyclic. If the pilot pushes the cyclic forward, then the rotor disc tilts forward, and the rotor produces a thrust in the forward direction.

As a helicopter moves forward, the rotor blades on one side move at rotor tip speed plus the aircraft speed and is called the advancing blade. As the blade swings to the other side of the helicopter, it moves at rotor tip speed minus aircraft speed and is called the retreating blade. To compensate for the added lift on the advancing blade and the decreased lift on the retreating blade, the angle of attack of the blades is regulated as the blade spins around the helicopter. The angle of attack is increased on the retreating blade to produce more lift, compensating for the slower airspeed over the blade. And the angle of attack is decreased on the advancing blade to produce less lift, compensating for the faster airspeed over the blade. If the angle of attack of any wing, including rotor blades, is too high, the airflow above the wing separates causing instant loss of lift and increase in drag. This condition is called aerodynamic stall. On a helicopter, this can happen in any of four ways.

1. As helicopter speed increases, airflow over the advancing blades approaches the speed of sound and generates shock waves that disrupt the airflow over the blade causing loss of lift.
2. As helicopter speeds increase, the retreating blade experiences lower relative airspeeds and the controls compensate with higher angle of attack. With a low enough relative airspeed and a high enough angle of attack, aerodynamic stall is inevitable. This is called retreating blade stall.
3. Any low rotor RPM flight condition accompanied by increasing collective pitch application will cause aerodynamic stall.
4. Unique to helicopters is the vortex ring state (also known as settling with power) which is when a helicopter in a hover or descent comes into contact with its own down wash causing immense turbulence and loss of lift.

Fixed wing aircraft are usually inherently stable. If a gust of wind or a nudge to one of the controls causes a fixed wing aircraft to pitch, roll, or yaw, the aerodynamic design of the aircraft will tend to correct the motion, and the aircraft will return to its original attitude. Many small, fixed wing aircraft are stable enough that a pilot can let go of the controls while looking at a map or dealing with a radio, and the plane will generally stay on course.

In contrast, helicopters are very unstable. Simply hovering requires continuous, active corrections from the pilot. When a hovering helicopter is nudged in one direction by a gust of wind, it will tend to continue in that direction, and the pilot must adjust the cyclic to correct the motion. Hovering a helicopter has been compared to balancing yourself while standing on a large beach ball.

Adjusting one flight control on a helicopter almost always has an effect that requires an adjustment of the other controls. Moving the cyclic forward causes the helicopter to move forward, but will also cause a reduction in lift, which will require extra collective for more lift. Increasing collective will reduce rotor RPM, requiring an increase in throttle to maintain constant rotor RPM. Changing collective will also cause a change in torque, which will require the pilot to adjust the foot pedals.

Small helicopters can be so unstable that it may be impossible for the pilot to ever let go of the cyclic while in flight. While fixed-wing aircraft are generally designed so pilots sit on the left side of the aircraft, freeing up their right hand for dealing with radios, engine controls, and the like, helicopters are generally designed so pilots sit on the right side of the aircraft so they can keep their right hand (usually the strong hand) on the cyclic at all times, leaving the radios and engine controls for their left hand (usually the weaker hand).

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"It sounds to me like he has a chaw in his left cheek, gum in his right cheek, is smoking a cigar and driving 2 cars at the same time. What kind of helicopter was Airwolf?"

"The flying Airwolf helicopter was in actuality a Bell 222 (serial number 47085, making it the fifth to last built before the 222B was released), registration number N3176S.

Airwolf was painted Phantom Gray Metallic (DuPont Imron 5031X) on top, and a custom pearl-gray (almost white) on the bottom, in a killer whale-like pattern. The craft was also fitted with various prop modifications, such as "turbo jet" engines and intakes, retractable chain guns at the wingtips, and a retractable rocket launcher, known as the "ADF Pod" (ADF standing for All Directional Firing, as the pod could rotate 180 degrees to fire at targets at the side of the copter) on its belly.

The look of the modifications was designed by Andrew Probert, who had pictures of the construction on his website, and they were first applied to the non-flying mock-up. (built from the body of the very first Bell 222, serial number 47001) From this mock-up molds were made so that parts could be made to FAA specifications before they were added to the flying helicopter.

After the first season, the producers were advised that "chain guns" is a registered trademark of McDonald Douglas, and they were not referred to as such again. Other modifications were implied with foley and sets; the interior sets were of a fantastical high-tech nature, and there were implied "stealth" noise-reducing capabilities with crea-

tive use of sound effects. Airwolf is sometimes referred to in-show as "The Lady" by Santini and Hawke.

After the show was cancelled the modifications were removed. The aircraft was repainted and eventually sold to the German helicopter charter company, Hubschrauber-Sonder-Dienst (aka HSD Luftrettung and Blue Helicopter Alliance), and given the registration number D-HHSD. Airwolf, as a plain Bell 222 air ambulance, crashed in a thunderstorm on 06/09/91 killing her three passengers. That was before Jan Michael Vincent crashed.

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"Did Airwolf have any of those GE mini-guns?"

"I don't believe it did."

"The M134 minigun was used on the M21, M27, XM50, and Emerson MINI-TAT on the UH-1 "Huey", OH-6A Cayuse, and OH-58A Kiowa, XM18E1, M28 series, and XM64 on the AH-1G and MOD AH-1S 'Huey' Cobra, XM53 on the AH-56A Cheyenne, and on a wide variety of US Army and US Air Force light fixed-wing aircraft. The M134 is also used on a number US Army special operations aircraft. It weighs 35 pounds without ammo and is 29.5" long. The gun rate is selectable for either a Low 2,000spm or High 4,000spm (shots per minute) setting. Also available to users is a flash suppressor and a bullet trap."

"That guy in Predator carried one!"

"The weapon that Blain (Jesse Ventura) was using was a minigun. This was a weapon most commonly mounted on the side of a helicopter (or an aircraft carrier) and many, many modifications had to be made to make it usable in the film. It was powered via an electrical cable hidden down the front of Blain's trousers. Despite firing blanks, the actor had to wear a bulletproof vest to protect him from the violently ejecting cartridges. Had he been using live ammunition, the recoil would have been approximately 110 kg sideways force - about the same as lying on your back and trying to push an American football player into the air. Ammo for the 20-second firing sequence would have been 2,000 rounds x 12.5 grams per bullet = 25kg, all of which had to be carried in Ventura's backpack. Since the movie was made, a model of this weapon has been designed, changing the caliber and exchanging the electric motor for a 2 cycle gas engine, similar to that of a weed-eater. It has never entered service in any armed forces, since the weapon is excessively heavy and impractical in an infantry role. Not mounted on aircraft carriers, that is the Phalanx (CIWZ). The GE XM-214 minigun fires the same round as the M16 (5.56mm), plus it weighs a great deal more (15 Kgs) so it couldn't produce the recoil mentioned in the earlier post."

"Are you sure?"

## When We Were Young – Chapter 16

"While the weapon appeared to be an XM-214 Six-Pac in 5.56 NATO (.223), it was not. It was actually an M-134 GE Minigun in 7.62 NATO (.308 Winchester). As previously noted, the battery packs were not carried by the actor, nor were they in the cinematic shots (This is also true for T2). One of the easiest ways to tell the difference between the XM-214 (Which never made it into military production due to the dismal weight-vs-firepower ratio, also already mentioned here) and the M-134 (Which IS a current US Military special-purpose vehicle-mounted weapon) is the plate(s) that hold(s) the six barrels together near the muzzles. The XM-214 has one plate; The M-134 has three, a couple of inches apart. That, and even for a Schwarzenegger film, I don't see the budget acquiring a still-experimental piece of equipment for a relatively limited series of shots."

"Here take this; the bag has 20 loaded 30-round mags."

"It sure is flimsy compared to the Thompson."

"Yeah, it is, every GI wanted one though. Almost nobody wore body armor during WWII except for aircrews who wore flak jackets. It won't punch through something like Interceptor, but do you really think we'll run into folks weighed down with that?"

"Maybe not, but I'm going to carry the Super Match in the pickup rifle rack, just in case."

"What else do you have in that pickup?"

"A couple of dozen M67s, an M-79 and 3 dozen 40mm grenades. Even if the carbine is more powerful than my USP Tactical, I'm going to tote it too. I'd rather be over armed than under armed."

"You've always been that way. Hell, for as long as I've known you and that's been about 50 years, you always been over prepared."

"NO I HAVEN'T, I just planned for the worst and hoped for the best. Would you rather have more than you need or need more than you have?"

"Can't argue with that. On the other hand, we've been expecting an attack at any moment from some mythical band of marauders and the closest we've come is those 6 who tried to break in when we were burying the fuel tanks. What's more we killed all six of them and don't really know what they wanted."

"They came in the middle of the night; an honest man would have come by during broad daylight and asked us for what he needed."

"And then there was Brian and his group, we sure had them wrong."

"No harm, no foul. Look Matt, we've discussed this. Until we knew for sure about the people in Sedona, I didn't even trust them. It's worked out though; we have enough food and fuel plus our aircraft. With good luck, we won't be surprised and that's really the key isn't it? You've read as much post-Apocalyptic fiction to know what everyone expects will happen. I happen to believe those authors are pretty close in their predictions, it's just a question of 'when' and 'what', not 'if'. If we have actually lost 90% of the population, sooner or later, the scavengers will run out of things to scavenge and form into group with enough firepower to take over most communities."

"If it's so inevitable, why hasn't it happened yet?"

"Apparently, there're still things they need available. It won't last and every day that passes puts us one day closer to fighting them to keep what we have."

"Why are we loading up the truck, are we going somewhere?"

"Flagstaff. I'd like to make one more pass through the town to see if we've forgotten anything. We'll stay in touch with the ranch with the SINCGARS. I want to make sure we didn't miss any fuel supplies."

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I told Tom and Gunny where we were headed and the reason for the trip, prospecting. Gunny offered to send some men with us; I declined explaining we hadn't had any reports from the aircraft of any outsiders in our AO. When he insisted, I told him to send a Hummer with a Ma Deuce, we'd run rather than fight. We ate a big breakfast and took some snacks to tide us over, I wasn't about to eat MREs on a day trip. Sue gave us a ½ gallon thermos of coffee and, as always, told us to be careful.

When we arrived in Flagstaff, we started moving from station to station, sticking the tanks. It appeared we hadn't missed any but there are more than a few service stations in Flagstaff and I wanted to check them all, even if it took all day, one tank of gasoline would mean another 120,000 gallons of E85. Eventually we found a station we'd missed and its tank was more than half full. Matt radioed the ranch with the location. Sarah was on the radio and the Cherokee had spotted a large group of vehicles about half way between Williams and Flagstaff. She recommended we return immediately.

"How much time do we have before they get here?"

"Maybe 45 minutes."

"Good, there are only 2 locations left to check, let's check them and return home."

"She seemed rather insistent; maybe we'd better check them on the next trip."

"Fine, tell the Hummer we're heading home."

There isn't much point to having an air patrol if you don't heed the warning you're given. I wanted to stick the remaining tanks, but Matt had a tone in his voice that told me to get my head out of my butt and listen for a change. We pointed the pickup and Hummer south and moved out. Meanwhile, Ray had the second plane up and both planes were shadowing the convoy of vehicles on west I-40.

Scott Heddens was the pilot of the Bell 412 and he proved to be rather good with the chopper once he was accustomed to it. One of the advantages of that particular bird was because of the fancy autopilot, you could get by with one pilot instead of two. However, one of the men with Brian's group, Gordon Meyer, had a private pilot's license and had attended ground school in preparation of becoming helicopter qualified. While Matt and I had been talking about it, they were doing something to get the Bell airborne. Unknown to us, they had picked up a pair of M134s and installed them as door guns. A third gun was mounted on the right skid pointing straight forward and there was a small pod of Zuni rockets mounted to the left skid. It was the small pod with 7 rockets because they couldn't find a larger pod.

In addition, they had a squad of ten men who were armored and well equipped. The chopper was sitting at Sedona airport, fueled and read to go if the order was given. I suppose that it's a good thing we didn't go to Navajo Depot looking for mini-guns; the three they found were already in Sedona. As we passed through the zigzag barrier assembled out of median dividers, we saw the 2 M198's set up and ready to fire on the road out of Flagstaff.

The real secret to accurate artillery fire rests with the skill of the forward observer. Often called FISTERS, or members of a FIST (Fire Support Team). Their missions are always critical as mental errors under stress can bring the massive firepower and ordinance they control down on friendly forces as well as enemy. FIST team members are especially self-reliant and independent. Their mission requires quick thinking under pressure, effectively integrating with many types of units and command structures as well as the ability to operate independently.

In the United States Army, the military occupation specialty for Forward Observers is 13F, therefore all enlisted personnel schooled in this duty will carry this designation. Officially, FO's are actually designated "Fire Support Specialists". While they are commonly referred to as Forward Observers or FO's, this is more precisely the designation of a Fire Support Specialist in a particular position.

The oft-overlooked position is considered one of the most dangerous positions on the battlefield. FO's are highly skilled and usually exceptionally intelligent, with the average FO scoring much higher on his Army entrance tests than normal recruits. He is also able to work silently for long periods of time, as some missions may range from hours to several days, even weeks, long. He can operate with minimal support located both on or behind the enemy lines, at a tactical and professional level, and also can serve in mission planning, strategy, and advisory positions with his command elements.

Forward Observers, due to their intelligence, adaptability, and broad range of combat skills are often superb candidates for many special operations units and training. FIST and COLT teams will often take on mission profiles normally shunned by most regular units. Occasionally, FOs will be trained for additional mission profile expansions, such as training for long-range reconnaissance, specific climate/locale (i.e. jungle, arctic, mountain, or urban environments), and training in other specializations, such as Ranger, Airborne, Pathfinder, and Air Assault are rather common among FOs. 13F is the only artillery MOS for enlisted soldiers which, due to the missions they may encounter, are authorized to attend Ranger School. FOs are often very highly sought-after by high-profile combat units like the 101st Infantry, 10th Mountain Division, and the 75th Ranger Regiment.

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Both Matt and I were totally unaware that in addition to the mini-guns, Brian's group had brought back 3 units of MLRS. The M270 MLRS, or SPL (Self-Propelled, Loader/Launcher), is made up of two major units and an electronic fire control system (FCS). The SPL is a mobile, self-propelled, self-loading, multiple launch rocket firing unit. It provides mobile long range artillery rocket support for ground forces. The M993 Carrier Vehicle and the M269 LLM are the two major units that make up the MLRS. The FCS is a computer control system, with a built-in computer and memory system. The SPL has a cruising range of 300 miles at speeds up to 40 miles per hour. The total MLRS weights approximately 52,990 pounds. There were 3 reloads for each of the 3 launchers, giving Brian's group 48 rockets for each launcher, a total of 144 rockets, each dispensing 644 M-77 Shaped Charges. The range of the rockets was about 31.8 klicks or 19.75 miles. Do the math,  $644 \times 144 = 92,736$  reasons for them to change their minds.

When we arrived back at the ranch, we learned that the convoy had stopped in Flagstaff, apparently for the night. The MLRS and the Paladins were moved up to just south of the roadblock on 89 during the night. At first light, the aircraft were airborne and a trailer load of Jet fuel A and weapons reloads was brought to the ranch to permit rapid cycling of the Bell 412. The only problem with the MLRS is that the EMP had taken out several of the GPS satellites, degrading some of the MLRS subsystems. Maybe it's a good thing that the Army gives the National Guard units it's older equipment, the M270A1 used a GPS guidance system and Microsoft Windows. As long as they weren't connected to the Internet, that would be ok.

◦

Matt and I went to the shelter with the other non-combatants; we weren't too old to man the radios, once they filled us in. The new group chose not to vacate Flagstaff and the artillery was all moved forward putting the city in range of every shell and rocket. It took nearly a day to assemble and deploy the 750 people in the Battalion and two Platoons. The following day there was no indication that the people were planning on leaving Flagstaff. Ray suggested we take the 3 Hummers and the LAV and contact them. It



would let them know we were in the area and give them a little taste of our firepower. To that end, they'd take a circuitous route to Flagstaff and come in on I-40 from the east.

Matt and I kept our mouths shut, this was their show. With the artillery in place, that group wouldn't stand much of a chance and if any did manage to escape, we more or less had them surrounded. Ray's vehicle had a SINCGARS repeater allowing us to listen to the open mike on his spearhead.

"Hello the camp."

"That's far enough. Who the hell are you and what do you want?"

"We're from the area and notice you taking up residence here in Flagstaff. We came to learn your intentions."

"Where are you from, Winslow?"

"We came in from the east, yes."

"Were you responsible for cleaning out the town?"

"Clean out? Who did that?"

"It sure wasn't us. What kind of vehicle is that oddball over there?"

"LAV-25, it's a Marine Corps vehicle. It's equipped with a 25mm chain gun and other guns."

"We could use something like that, care to sell it?"

"What are you offering?"

"Your lives. We have a force of over 400, all armed with the finest small arms the Marine could provide."

"Been to Barstow, huh?"

"We cleaned the place out."

"That was you?"

"Why, have you been there too?"

"A few times, yes. Look here's the deal; you can move on or be buried in Flagstaff, your choice."

"Mighty big talk for a man with 4 machine guns. I'll give you a chance, leave now and we won't kill you."

"So you won't leave?"

"You'd better go before I change my mind."

"Ok, if that's the way you want it, we'll leave. Try and remember you had your chance to move on. In five minutes you'll wish like hell you'd take me up on the offer."

That was our clue, Ray's instructions were to begin the artillery barrage in 5 minutes. It would have been better if the guns were registered, but we have to settle for the FOs to adjust the fire. They were operating on separate frequencies, each connected to a separate artillery group. We planned to open up with the MLRS and get off a fast 24 rockets before the arty began to lob their shells. Maybe a single volley of 24 rockets would be enough to take most of them out.

"Fire."

Without leaving the cab, the crew of three (driver, gunner and section chief) could fire up to twelve MLRS rockets in less than 60 seconds. That put 36 rockets or 23,184 shaped charges on target. After the rockets fired, the M198s, M119A1s and M109A6s got ready to fire. All of the artillery cannons were firing air-bursting projectiles.

After the rocket barrage, the FOs reported the infantry could move in and mop up, no further artillery was needed, which disappointed more than one artillery crew. No doubt mopping up was very correct, few of the group avoided the MLRS barrage and those that did were cut down as our people moved into Flagstaff. It wasn't much of a firefight, our people began to move in as soon as the FOs gave the all clear and most of the survivors walked right into heavy rifle fire as they began to exit building shells and places where they had taken shelter.

I understand that it was a short battle, most of the bad guys were killed or injured in the initial barrage of 36 rockets and more got caught trying to find cover. Much of the city was in ruins before the artillery and there weren't many good places to hide. Ray called me at the ranch and asked if we wanted all of the weapons or just those that were intact. Matt grabbed the mike and told him bring them all, we could use some of them for spare parts.

They mostly had M16A4s but there were a couple of M40s and an assortment of other weapons including several M240Bs and a few of the M249s. They called for a semi to pick the stuff up, so that group must have had more than I expected. I still wanted to get back and check the remaining stations for fuel, but it wouldn't happen soon, they just left the bodies lay where they fell. Was that, perhaps, a warning to the next group that came into Flagstaff and wanted to set up camp?

o

"We'll strip and clean to good weapons and store them in Sedona," Ray commented. "Do you want the damaged stuff to see what you can do with it?"

"Unload them into a shed and I'll look them over," Matt replied. "No survivors?"

"One, they're going to take him into town and get the story on these guys. For all we know, they could be an advance party for a larger group."

"Can you get more rockets for the MLRS?"

"There were more at the Depot, why?"

"I was thinking just in case they were an advance group, maybe we'd better load up on rockets. I take it they were very effective?"

"Yes indeed, Rob, but be careful moving around Flagstaff, not all of the M-77s detonated. I'm not going to waste our only EOD guy on cleaning up the mess."

"How long before we can go get the fuel Matt and I found?"

"You can go now, provided you wear gas masks. The place was already beginning to take on the stench of death."

"Bad?"

"It will be, at least until the bodies finish decaying. Did you check all of the stations?"

"All but two. I figure there's somewhere between 25,000 and 50,000 gallons of fuel available, not counting the propane. How much fuel is available at the Sedona airport?"

"The tanks were nearly full, enough for a while. It will just be a matter of finding other airports that survived the attack and getting their fuel or using those locations as refueling points."

"We have 2 empty tankers allowing you to transfer up to 32,000 gallons at a time."

"We have scads of the B-100 in town, do you have room in your tanks for a load?"

"Bring it out, we have room."

"Are you ready to go?"

"We have a generator and a pump, Matt. There are 2 empty tankers and I dug out our M42s. Gunny assigned 2 guys to drive the tractors and he is going to man the gun on the Hummer."

"Do we have enough PRI-G?"

"If we don't, we can make a trip up to Lake Mead and find some, it isn't that far."

"Do you think they hit Vegas?"

"I don't think I want to know. If they did, it's a mess and if they didn't, there are hundreds if not thousands of very well-armed people there."

"Why don't we get Gunny to scout it out?"

"I'll ask Matt, but I'm not so sure he'll say yes. Nellis AFB is on the north side of town and it's the starting point to get to Groom Lake. A person has to figure that if there's much Air Force around, they're probably all parked on the lake. Besides, what could we get in Vegas that we don't already have?"

"It was just a thought."

"I can tell you what we do need, an alternative source of electricity. Those generators have thousands of hours on them and they won't last forever. Either we come up with some new generators or we need an alternative source of electricity. We don't have enough wind for turbines, so that leaves solar panels. If we go that route, we'll need hundreds of panels and hundreds of batteries."

"We could check around Flagstaff and see if we can find an operable standby generator."

"It would be our luck that they'd all run on natural gas."

"Anything that runs on natural gas will run on propane."

"I really don't want to burn up what propane we have available generating electricity. But who knows, maybe we can find a big diesel generator or two."

Given our relatively unlimited supply of B-100, a diesel generator made the most sense. We could probably duplicate the biodiesel converters until we had enough to produce more than we used. We'd taken to buying those long-life industrial light bulbs and had used them for years. They lasted almost forever. On top of that, the underground lighting was all florescent and we had a few dozen boxes of the 4' natural light bulbs. It was good we had them; the company was located in Texas. How many survivors of a nuclear war does it take to screw in a light bulb? "None. People who glow in the dark don't

need light bulbs." How many Vulcans does it take to screw in a light bulb? "Approximately 1.00000000000000000000000000000000."

o

Why was our supply of B-100 relatively unlimited? Do you have any idea how many millions of gallons of vegetable oil there were around the state of Arizona? I don't but it was probably in the 10s of thousands, you found it in every donut shop, the plant every producer of corn and potato chips, etc. It was there, all we had to do was find it and transport it back to Sedona. Unfortunately, that meant sending out a force equipped with our mobile armaments and tankers. If the oil was rancid, a good bet, we'd also need gas masks.

At the time, no one realized that looking for vegetable oil would be our undoing. There were survivors in the Phoenix area, only God know how they made it through the attack and the fallout from Palo Verde and later, LA. Nevertheless, a few thousand out of the million and a half people survived and even thrived. If you checked the Arizona National Guard website, we couldn't because the web was down, you'd learn that a significant number of the armories were in the greater Phoenix area.

If there was enough food for 1½ million people for anywhere from 3 days to 3 weeks, there was more than enough for a few thousand for a very, very long time. These people had gotten less than a lethal dose of radiation, but they couldn't produce children, the human body has a built in mechanism to abort mutated fetuses. Eventually, they figured it out and it made them angry. They didn't realize that people in places where the radiation was less didn't have the problem. Perhaps the high non-lethal dose of radiation affected their minds, as far as I know we never found out.

o

"Do you want to go to Phoenix?"

"Do you think the radiation is down enough to make it safe?"

"Gee, I hope so. We can take a survey meter and check. We can also recharge our dosimeters and keep track of our overall dosage. I still have the log somewhere."

"Do you think there will be any survivors?"

"I can't tell you that, Matt, we'll go armed, just in case. We can pull one Ma Deuce and replace it with one of those M240Bs. That way, we'll have one medium and one heavy machinegun."

"And why would you want to go to Phoenix?"

"Oil. There isn't much, if any, left in Flagstaff and we'll have to get it somewhere. Maybe we'll find a few railroad tank cars full, or maybe we'll have to recover it from food processors. Either way, Phoenix is a huge city; we should find some kind of vegetable oil."

"How many people do you plan to take?"

"You and I make 2. We'll need drivers for 2 tankers and 8 of Gunny's people to guard our little convoy. We'd better wear our body armor, just in case. Besides, even if Phoenix was hit by 2 or 3 warheads, some of the city must have come through intact. I think our best bet would be to check either Tempe or Mesa, they might have gotten massive amounts of fallout, but I doubt any weapons were targeted further east than Sky Harbor Airport."

"We're going to pull a trailer with the pickup? I think that we might find a large diesel fueled generator."

"Sure, why not. Say, on second thought why don't we just take a 24' U-Haul truck?"

"If we do that, there's no way we can take the wives."

"Yeah, I know ain't it wonderful."

"I'll load some extra 30-round mags for the M2s."

"Go ahead, but I'm going to take my Super Match and back it up with a 12-gauge. Why don't you load up 30 extra mags for me?"

"Do you have a suitcase with wheels and a handle?"

"I do, maybe you better make it all the spare magazines you can get into the suitcase. Throw in a dozen M67s and I'll put a case of LAWs in each vehicle. If someone did manage to survive, I wouldn't want to get caught up short."

"If you think someone might have survived, why don't we take a bigger force?"

"I figure they'd be in pretty bad shape, that's why. No, a dozen of us should be enough; we can always run if we get in over our heads."

"When do you want to go?"

"Tomorrow, I've already discussed this with Gunny."

"Is he going along?"

"No, he's going to send Doc, just in case."

"What time do you want to leave?"

"Sunup, it shouldn't take us more than 2½ hours tops to get to Phoenix, it's under 120 miles."

"And you want to start on the east side and work our way into downtown?"

"I figured we go out to Apache Junction and work our way back. I know for a fact that there are some companies that way that sell generators. If we travel west on Superstition Boulevard, it will take us all the way west to downtown Phoenix."

"Fine, but I'm going to dig out that Thompson and load all the 50-round and 100-round drums we have. The carbine is a fine weapon, but the Thompson you adore so much might make a good backup gun."

"That's why I'm taking a shotgun, you bored it out to 3½" and I have a couple hundred rounds of 18-pellet 00 buck."

We had enough extra magazines that the suitcase contained 50 magazines, a full case of ammo and a dozen hand grenades. I immediately saw why Matt wanted me to use a suitcase with wheels and a handle. We went into Sedona that afternoon and picked up the U-Haul truck. It was gasoline powered and didn't run on E-85 so not only did I fill the tank, I put a drum of unleaded in the back and 2 drums of B-100. We wouldn't want to get there and run out of fuel for the 2 Hummers. The semis had large saddle tanks and could probably make the trip twice on one fill-up.

"What are you looking for in Phoenix?"

"Vegetable oil. Ray."

"You'd better take a large contingent of guard; you have no idea what you might find."

"Did you see any people when you bugged out of there?"

"No, we didn't, but that doesn't mean there aren't people there."

"I don't think it will be a problem, if it just the 12 of us and 5 vehicles, we shouldn't be threatening to anyone if there is someone there."

"I'd feel better if we could scout the place out first."

"Go ahead, send one of the planes down there and see if there's anyone around."

"I'll do that, Rob. I might send the chopper down to the junction of I-17 and state route 74. If you run into trouble, they could get to most anywhere in Phoenix in 30 minutes or under."

"If it would make you feel better, go ahead. You'd better send a vehicle with a trailer down there with Jet Fuel A, just in case. Look, Ray, we'll be ok, we're armed to the teeth and if you have the chopper on call, we'll be able to get out of any trouble that turns up."

"Stop in town on your way back, I'd like very much to know what you find."

"No problem. We'll try to be home before dark."

o

The next morning we left the ranch around 6am. I had it in mind to pick up our road in Phoenix and take it through Tempe and Mesa all the way to Apache Junction. I had a 3 year old Phoenix yellow pages and Matt could peruse it on the way down. I intended to take I-17 to 202 and that down to the bridge that crossed the Salt River opposite Tempe.

We made good time and arrived in Phoenix around 7:55am. It was another 45 minutes or so out to the Junction. Arizona reported 204 establishments in 1992 that produced meat products, dairy products, preserved fruits and vegetables, grain mill products, dairy products, beverages, potato chips and similar snacks, ice cream, and other related goods. Most of the food processing activities are in or near the Phoenix metropolitan area. This area provided over 72 percent of the food and kindred product jobs for the state in 1992. The majority of processed food sales are made from large and well-known brand companies (e.g., Kelloggs, Pillsbury, Frito Lay, and PepsiCo). If that didn't work out, we could always try Sonora.

The food processing industry of Sonora includes meat processing, dairy products, cereal processing, bakery products, tortilla processing, cooking oils, cocoa and chocolate processing, animal food, and beverages. Sonora is located between Apache Junction and Globe on US 60, sort of. Actually, you go to Superior and turn south on state route 177. We discussed that on the way down and decided that the two tankers and one of the Hummers could go to Sonora while we checked out the east side. When they got back, we join up with them and look around Phoenix before we headed home.

"Doc, this is Rob. You stay with us and I'm going to send the tankers and Ma Deuce down to Sonora."

"We should stay together Rob."

"We should be ok; neither of us saw anybody on our way, did you?"

"Negative."

"Fine why don't you start looking for a medical supply while we locate a generator?"



o

If you were to poll the squirrels about how much ammo you should have in case of TSHTF, most will tell you that you'll probably never live to fire 1,000 rounds. The consensus in the main forum where there was a poll in the Survival Weapons section, suggested that you'd never survive using 500 rounds. Why do I recommend 5,000 rounds per rifle? Practice makes perfect. For a .30 caliber rifle, the standard combat load is 140 rounds, 7 magazines. I know that because there are 140 rounds in a standard military bandoleer for .30 caliber ammo. The largest battle packs only contains 200 rounds or 1 load out and 60 spare rounds. We probably had 10 times that amount of ammo altogether. The one thing neither of us thought to bring was a M79 and a bag of 40mm grenades.

"What's the rating on that generator?"

"400kw and it's a diesel."

"How are we going to get it on the truck?"

"We could try to lift it up but if you don't mind, I'd rather use that forklift."

"Think it will run?"

"I don't know, but it's brand new, it should. Matt should be able to get it going without much trouble. I'll call Doc and see how he is doing and then we'll load it."

"Doc, the is Rob, sitrep?"

"I'm at the Scottsdale Mayo Clinic. I have one hell of a load of supplies, what is your sitrep?"

"We located a 400kw generator and a forklift to load it. We'll get it and all the supplies we can find and meet you. Give us an hour."

"Roger, that will give me time to box the stuff up."

"Have you had any contact with anyone?"

"Negative."

"Same here, see you in about an hour. Rob clear."

"Click, click."

"What do you figure that sucker weighs?"

"The brochure says 8,800 pounds, 4.4 tons."

"Did you see any supplies?"

"Like what?"

"Oil, filters and any spare parts we can identify."

"I'll look."

"Wait until we get it loaded, Matt, then we can both look. Did you get the model number?"

"450REOZD-4."

"Let's get it loaded and then we check the manual and see what we might need for parts."

Fifteen minutes later, it was sitting in the back of the U-Hall and we nailed blocks to hold it in place. Next we went looking and found a parts book for that model and began to select the available parts, mainly filters and the recommend oil. When we finished, I gave Doc another call to tell him we were on the way.

"Doc, are you there?"

"Roger, but I'm not alone. There are people out in the parking lot checking out the Hummer. So far they haven't approached it, probably because the machinegun is manned, but I'd suggest you get your butts in gear, we could have trouble."

"It will be 30 minutes."

"10-4, hurry."

"Look and load time?"

"Yeah, use the Thompson, and dig out some magazines and grenades from my suitcase. Do you have the M-79?"

"Uh, I didn't bring it."

"Contact that chopper and tell them we may have trouble at the Mayo Clinic in Scottsdale. What's the address?"

"13400 East Shea Boulevard."

"What's the best way to get there?"

"Go east to North Gilbert Road and turn northeast when you get to 87. Take that north-east to Shea Blvd and turn west. It's about 4 miles west of there on Shea."

"Notify the chopper where it is, it's a good thing we don't have any traffic, but with the load we're carrying, It won't be fast going."

"Air 1, this is Matt. Doc is at the Mayo Clinic in Scottsdale and he has a problem."

"Roger, we're airborne, do you have an address?"

"Roger, 13400 East Shea Boulevard. It's going to take us at least 30 minutes to get there. We sent the other Hummer and two tankers down to Sonora, so we're all that Doc has in the way of backup."

"Actually, Gunny is here with his entire contingent, but they probably 45 mikes out."

"Did he bring the other Hummer?"

"Rog, plus the LAV."

"This is Doc, the Hummer is taking fire, get the lead out."

"Rog, Air 1 is inbound and we're 25 mikes out. The Marines are on the way, but they're 45 mikes out."

"We'll be damned lucky to get out of this one alive. Are you ready for that Rob?"

"Matt, I've been dying since the day I was born. However, it would suit me just fine to make it back home."

"Rob, this is air 1. We contacted the tankers and they loading oil; the Hummer is inbound, but it about 90 mikes out."

"10-4 air 1. This should be over before they get here."

"Did you see what Doc is carrying for a weapon?"

"He has a G-3 and 280 rounds."

"Handgun?"

"USP with 5 mags."

"That Hummer has the cupola doesn't it?"

"Yes, but it won't stop .50 caliber rounds if they have a heavy rifle."

"Air 1, Rob. Can you reach Sedona?"

"10-4."

"Give Ray a sitrep and ask if he can respond with a company or two."

"Rog, already did. They're probably 2 to 3 hours out."

"Doc, this is Rob, we're about 10 mikes out."

"Click, click."

I didn't miss it by far, it took us 31 minutes to get to the Mayo Clinic. Remember, we were driving the U-Haul truck. There must have been 3-400 'bad guys'. Just then the chopper arrived and made a pass, Scott was firing the forward mounted mini-gun. Matt went for his chopper and I grabbed my Super Match. We didn't have much cover so we crawled under the truck and opened up firing in the general direction of the bad guys. We couldn't really see to fire so we rolled and crawled until our cover was the front tires of the truck. I should have brought the suit case of mags. It really doesn't matter how accurate your rifle is, if you're in a firefight with people moving around and shooting back.

The 412 turned and brought the left door gun to bear. It wasn't like the movies show, but there were falling bodies everywhere. Just about then, another 3-400 bad guys showed up and the right door gun opened up. Moments later, it settled into a hover about 5' off the ground and dropped the 10 soldiers inside. I took the opportunity of the distraction to go for my suitcase and the LAWs rockets.

The armor saved my ass, that's for sure. Guy shot me center mass with a .45 auto and I was knocked on my thinly padded butt. It knocked my breath out and by the time I recovered and staggered to my feet, half of our new troops were down, dead or dying. I got the suitcase and the LAWs and we took out 5 vehicles holding more bad guys. If we got out of this, I expect I'd have to rebarrel the Super Match, I was burning through the magazines. A ricochet got me in the left arm and if I wasn't wearing shooting glasses, I'd have had an eye full of concrete. I can't tell you if I was pissed or terrified, probably some of both. And then the lights went out.

I didn't recognize where I was when I came to, I had a headache that went from the flat of my feet to 2' over the top of my head. I couldn't move and had double vision. I tried to say something and all that came out was a croak. I squinted and finally recognized where I was, at home in the clinic Doc had set up for us. My chest hurt almost as bad as my head hurt.

"Water," I croaked.

In pops one of the nurses from town, all smiles and says, "How are we today?"

"Water." I don't know how she was, I'd never slept with her, but I can tell you, I felt like chit. None of which made it out of my mouth.

"What?"

"The Doc will be in and explain."

Like she had no idea what was wrong with me. I didn't have health insurance but I wasn't worried, I owned the hospital.

Doc came in and ask, "How are you feeling?"

"Crap. Water."

"You took a glancing shot to the head and have been out for 4 days. There for a while I figured we were all dead, there were over 1,000 of them and about 20 of us. Things began to change when the Ma Deuce showed up from Sonora. The chopper used up all of its ammo and went back to reload. Matt went down, he's not dead, and our Hummer started to run low on ammo. The second Hummer arrived and opened up and that turned the tide. Then the chopper came back and it was pretty much over. On a scale of 10 with 10 being worst, how bad is you headache?"

"50. How bad?"

"You have a deep crease in your thick head and a concussion. You probably have double vision as well. Your chest hurts because you have cracked ribs, you must have been shot. Matt got hit in both arms and his left leg. He looks worse than you do."

"How many?"

"How many men did we lose? 11 dead and 5 wounded. Ray didn't have to come the entire way from Sedona, he had Brian's group standing by the chopper refueling point. They ran into a second group on the way in to help and that slowed them down. You'll be here about a week, that was a bad concussion and you aren't a high school kid."

o

Matt and I ended up in motorized wheelchairs. I never did get rid of the double vision entirely. I also had balance problems and it was all I could do to get out of the chair to sit on the stool or climb into bed. Ray said nobody was going back to Phoenix and if there was more vegetable oil to be had, we'd look elsewhere. There was a railcar full of oil in Sedona and we'd avoid Phoenix to get there.

So, here we sit, basically waiting for our time to run out. The only time we were in a real firefight, we both got shot to chit. I never liked to play checkers and I have to close one eye to read so I don't bother. Who knows, one of these days, the country might straighten itself out, but I'd call that a long shot.

o

That evening, Sue and I were sitting in the living room and I put on a CD:

*Remember when  
I was young and so were you  
And time stood still and  
love was all we knew  
You were the first, so was I  
We made love and  
then you cried  
Remember when*

*Remember when  
we vowed the vows  
and walked the walk  
Gave our hearts,  
made the start, it was hard  
We lived and learned,  
life threw curves  
There was joy, there was hurt  
Remember when*

*Remember when  
old ones died and new were born  
And life was changed,  
disassembled, rearranged  
We came together, fell apart  
And broke each other's hearts  
Remember when*

*Remember when  
the sound of little feet  
was the music  
We danced to week to week  
Brought back the love,  
we found trust  
Vowed we'd never give it up  
Remember when*

*Remember when*

*thirty something seemed old  
Now lookin' back,  
it's just a steppin' stone  
To where we are,  
where we've been  
Said we'd do it all again  
Remember when*

*Remember when  
we said when we turned gray  
When the children grow up  
and move away  
We won't be sad, we'll be glad  
For all the life we've had  
And we'll remember when  
Remember when  
Remember when*

"Remember When" by Alan Jackson

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